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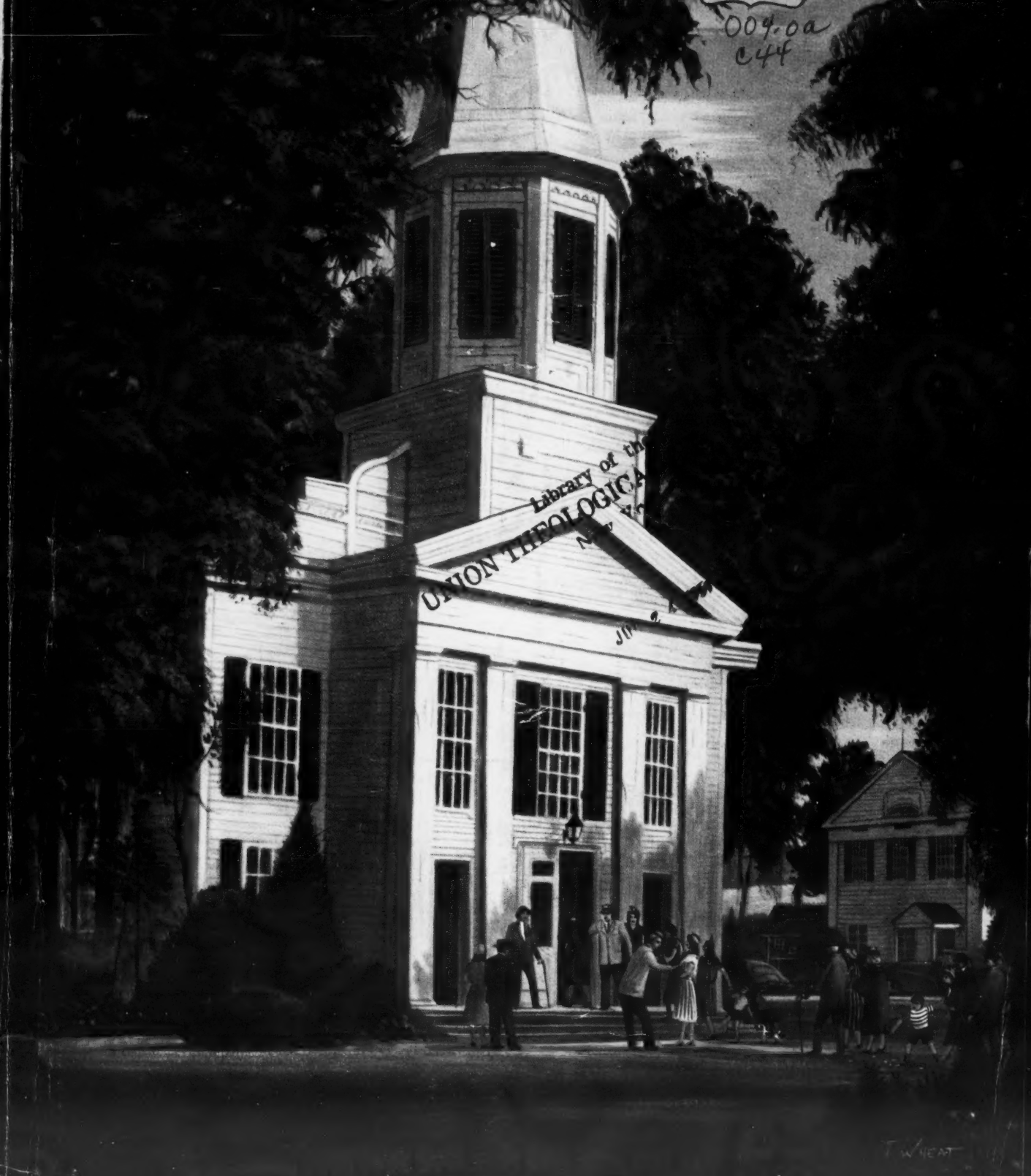
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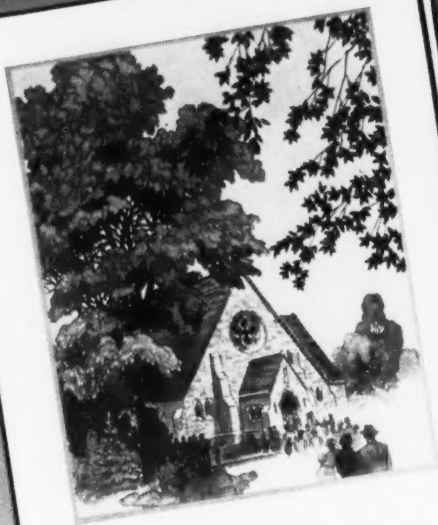
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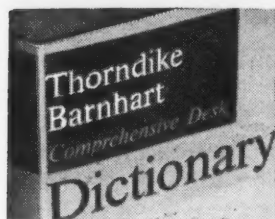
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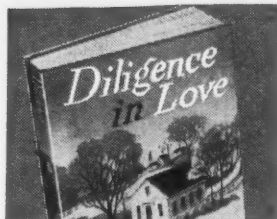
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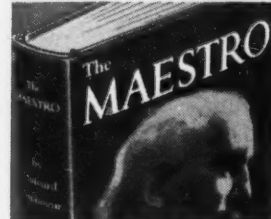
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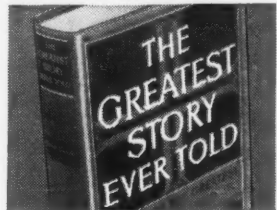
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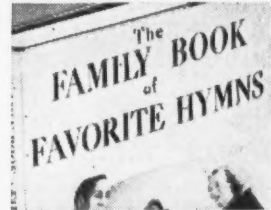
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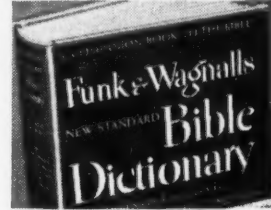
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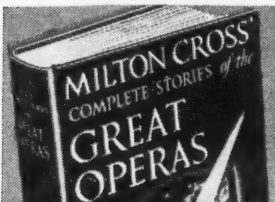
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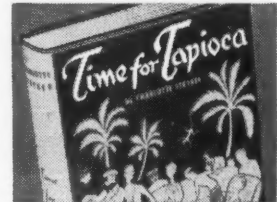
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Christian Herald

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ARTICLES

- A HOUSEWIFE DECLARES WAR ON STALIN.....*Ruth C. Ikerman* 6
THE PRICE OF PROSPERITY.....*J. C. Penney* 18
HIS COURT IS A CLASSROOM.....*Albert Q. Maisel* 19
HOW THOSE DEAD SEA SCROLLS CAME TO LIGHT...*Emil Paul John* 20
THE LORD'S SUPPER BY RADIO.....*Kenneth L. Wilson* 22
ROAD'S END.....*Faith Baldwin* 23
THE STATE OF THE CHURCH..... 26
FATHER OF THE LITTLE JETTS.....*Harry G. Sandstrom* 29
THE UN-BALANCED DIET.....*Don Fontaine* 30
ANYTHING FOR A PAL.....*Lynn Carpenter* 47
ARE THESE MY CHURCH MANNERS?.....*Evelyn L. Nelson* 59
FAITH OF THE STARS: PAT O'BRIEN.....*William Lindsay Young* 67

FICTION

- THE HOLLYHOCKS NEXT DOOR.....*Grace V. Watkins* 17
A FIRST-CLASS MISTAKE.....*Myles D. Blanchard* 24

REGULAR FEATURES

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Among Those Present..... 3 | Daily Meditations..... 40 |
| Questions and Answers..... 4 | Sunday School Lessons..... 50 |
| "I Remember"..... 8 | Children's Page..... 55 |
| Poetry 10, 32 | Book Reviews..... 62 |
| News Digest..... 11 | Motion Pictures..... 66 |
| Editorial 16 | Spice of Life..... 70 |
| Woman's Place..... 34 | Back Talk..... 71 |

COVER: Painting by John Wheat
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ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO: 27 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

COMING NEXT MONTH...

IN THIS CORNER: An aroused layman and a Methodist bishop slug it out over the vital issue: ARE THE PROHIBITIONISTS DEFEATING THEMSELVES? On the offense: Sherman L. Smith of Providence; defending: Bishop Wilbur E. Hammaker, Washington, head of his church's Board of Temperance. The fur flies, but out of the melee comes an acute examination of the methods and approach of the good folks fighting the good fight against booze. Could their strategy be improved? See September for some of the answers.

"GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD": Anyone who contributes regularly to his church's missionary programs will be interested to see how the money is spent. A picture-spread takes a young couple, preparing to go to a field in India, through a missionary-training school in Connecticut. It's interesting, educational, edifying. Read **THEY HAVE HEARD THE MACEDONIAN CALL** in September.

HIDDEN FIRES: A wispy, shy, 120-lb. college professor becomes a dynamo in his classroom. Head of the department of chemistry at Monmouth College, Ill., Professor William S. Haldeman has done more to advance the careers of young chemists than a whole platoon of top educators. His is a story of consecration. Read **CHEMIST OF MEN** by William F. McDermott.

"HOW TO LIVE ABOVE DESPAIR": This is the title of the September sermon. It is an able, timely, heart-lifting homily by church leader Dr. Harrison Ray Anderson of Chicago, who was just recently elected moderator of the Presbyterian Church (USA).

PROFESSOR'S WIFE: September brings a short story that we guarantee will make your eyes moist—with shared triumph of the inordinately shy but plucky professor's wife who after a bad start wins over the entrenched holier-than-thou's of the campus. Jean Beaven Abernethy wrote: **YOU'LL LIKE IT HERE!**

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Among Those Present

Evelyn L. Nelson (*Are These My Church Manners?* page 59) was at last report about to sail on the "Queen Elizabeth" for her first trip abroad, to attend the Sixth General Session of UNESCO in Paris as member of the secretariat accompanying the U. S. delegation. Since 1935, when she came to the nation's capital from Ottumwa, Iowa, she has been employed in the State Department. Most of her writing—to date some 250 published articles—is done by the dawn's early light, before leaving for the office. She is a member of the Augustana Lutheran Church in Washington.

Grace V. Watkins (*The Hollyhocks Next Door*, page 17) is Assistant Professor of Economics at Hamline University,



St. Paul, Minn. Born in Fargo, N. D., she boasts preacher ancestry on both sides of the family; her great-great-great-grandfather was a bishop in the Church of England. While pursuing a versatile

career in business and education—she has been stenographer, publicity correspondent, associate professor of music, and dean of women—she finds time for writing poems, articles, and short stories. Last year she tied for first place in the American Poetry League contest. A member of the National League of American Pen Women, she confides that she likes to "cook, roller skate and walk in the wind"! But not simultaneously, let us hasten to explain.

John W. McKelvey, pastor of Lansdowne (Pa.) Methodist Church, is now writing the *Daily Meditations*



(page 40). He is the able successor to Dr. Walter L. Moore who was forced to relinquish the department because of the press of other duties. We bid a reluctant farewell to Dr. Moore while we wel-

come Dr. McKelvey. Your new "Meditations Man" was born in Centralia, Pa., the son of a minister. He received his education at universities in the U.S., Jerusalem, and Bonn, Germany. A Ph.D. was awarded him by Drew Theological Seminary in 1941. Ordained in 1929, all his pastorates have been in Pennsylvania. Dr. McKelvey came to his present church in 1944. Since then a total of 772 new members have been received. The congregation is now engaged in a two-years' campaign to raise \$100,000 for the rebuilding of the sanctuary. Nearly \$40,000 has been chalked up since September. Married, he has two children.



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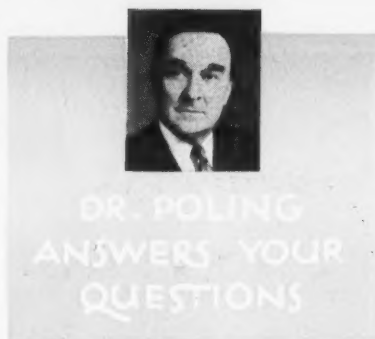
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Billy Graham

• What is your opinion of Billy Graham? You ought to have one.

WASHINGTON

L. C.

I do, Billy Graham does not preach as your pastor preaches, nor as I preach—he is different. But I have watched him in Portland and Boston, on the campus of the University of North Carolina and in other equally difficult spots. Always he reaches vast numbers unreachd by us—always in his own vigorous way, perhaps as a more refined Billy Sunday. He exalts Jesus Christ to His rightful place, glorifies the Christian Church and strengthens the local pastor. I am for him.

Gambling is Immoral!

• I have read your editorial, "Gambling is Immoral, Period." Recently on "Town Meeting of the Air" a distinguished clergyman went on record that gambling was not wrong if the one betting could always afford the bet. Would you agree?

VERMONT

B. F. M.

Definitely "no." I stand on my editorial, "Gambling is Immoral, Period"—and without apology to the brother clergyman referred to.

Wayside Church

• I am also interested in a wayside church organization. Have you received any replies to H.W.P.'s question in the May issue?

MONTANA

S. B. N.

Yes, I have received several replies, stating that the Open Church Association of Gloucester, Massachusetts, is such an organization. Their headquarters is at 8 Angle Street, Gloucester.

Solomon's Sons

• Our pastor has taught that Rehoboam and Jeroboam are both Solomon's sons, but the Bible states in numerous places that Jeroboam is the son of Nebat. Can you straighten this out for me?

ARKANSAS

Mrs. J. M.

You are correct in saying that not both Jeroboam and Rehoboam are sons

of Solomon. Rehoboam was his son (see I Kings 11:43); Jeroboam was the son of Nebat and Zeruah (I Kings 11:26). It is quite possible for a speaker to make a mistake of this sort, but the Bible is quite clear on this.

The Four Chaplains

• Why were there not enough safety belts for all on board the ship "Dorchester"? Was this some more Government inefficiency?

CALIFORNIA

E. S.

There were safety belts on the "Dorchester" for every man aboard and an ample supply of spares for any emergency—if! That "if" is the difference between panic and discipline. The "Dorchester" went down at the height of submarine sinkings in the North Atlantic. Few of the thousand men aboard had received basic training or any other training. Again we did that to our sons committed to battle! Torpedoes blew out the heart of the ship. Several hundred were killed below deck. Others, forgetting strict orders, rushed on deck without their belts and some only half clothed. It was then that the four chaplains distributed all the spares that were left and, at last, gave away their own. No, neither the Government nor the Army is to blame.

• I have been told that the names of the four servicemen who received the life belts of the four "Dorchester" chaplains are known and recorded, but that they will not be released. Is this true?

NEW YORK

M. J. D.

There is absolutely no record of the four men who received the lifebelts from the four "Dorchester" chaplains. Their names are unknown. A story appeared in a southern paper several years ago, purporting to be the personal statement of one of the four who had been saved. But, on investigation, it was fiction and not fact.

The Christian Life

• Do you believe that the requirements of the Christian life can be met by living up to the Ten Commandments?

WICHITA, KANSAS

A. C. B.

Yes—if "living up to the Ten Commandments" includes acceptance of Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. The Christian life is the life in Christ.

Samson's Mother

• Do you know the name of Samson's mother? I cannot find it anywhere.

GEORGIA

M. C.

And I cannot find it anywhere! The name of Samson's father was Manoah but his mother is referred to only as "wife" and "woman," Judges 13.

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A Housewife Declares WAR ON STALIN

By RUTH C. IKERMAN

ILLUSTRATOR: RICHARD OTT

IT WAS an ordinary Sunday morning sermon by my pastor that launched my one-woman war on Stalin. Now that my family and some friends are enlisted, we are finding it easier to live sanely in these tense, confused days.

The sermon began with a bit of a chuckle. The pastor recalled the familiar story about the late President Calvin Coolidge. Returning from church Coolidge was asked what had been the pastor's subject that morning, and replied with the one word "Sin." Pressed for elaboration, the silent Cal said, "He was against it."

Well, our pastor was talking about the familiar attitude of "Let George do it." And he was "against it." Instead, he thought that each individual should pick out a chief problem of the world today, and start out right now to do what he personally could to try to solve that problem. Instantly I thought to myself that Russia is certainly the chief problem, but what could I possibly do to have any positive part in the current exchange of the war of ideas? It was certainly far, far beyond me!

Over Monday's wash and Tuesday's ironing the pastor's words taunted me. Out on my knees in the garden on Wednesday, I found my own kind of answer. None of us wants to surrender our American heritage of wholesome, peaceful happiness, which we cherish for our children and our grandchildren. But perhaps we must learn how to fight for it with the weapons of the heart and

the mind. On a pad in my apron pocket I put down everyday ways that would help my family to live poised, helpful lives in a topsy-turvy world:

1. Since Russia seems to thrive on creating confusion, I have determined that, in so far as possible, confusion and uncertainty shall be removed from our family life. Wherever it is possible to make a positive decision, no matter how small or trivial, I shall make it and take away that much confusion from our own daily living.

2. Obviously a part of the Russian technique is to try to weaken this great nation economically. Therefore I shall take pride in the housewife's ability to contrive new clothes from old, concoct tasty dishes to use leftovers. Yes, I would much rather not pay such high taxes for military purposes, but if my husband has to contribute them from his earnings, than I will help and not hinder. This may mean learning how to stitch a gay sunsuit for a child from an unused piece of flowered toweling. Or getting out some forgotten blue ceramic buttons to brighten an older dark frock.

3. Any attempt any foreign power makes to force me to cut down on my food budget, to meet defense taxes, shall not succeed to the extent that American customs and traditions are forgotten. This effort will be repulsed by my own hands in my own kitchen. We will glory in such American food as hot cornbread, have pink lemonade on July Fourth, and bake a cherry pie

on Washington's birthday. We will celebrate each of our national holidays in some simple way.

4. Constant efforts to force Americans to a lower standard of living covering only absolute necessities will send me to my garden to plant such a frivolity as King Alfred daffodils. They will blossom for years, and their planting anew is my answer to the friends who say, "What will you do if an atom bomb falls in your backyard?"

5. When in the evening I settle down with the newspaper it will be not to see what the Russians have dreamed up next, but with a new sense of the freedom of the American press. Now will be a good time to take from the library a book recalling the early days of our history. And I shall read again the saga of such national characters as Johnny Appleseed and Paul Bunyan and his Big Blue Ox. For the greatness of America appears even in its folk tales, and it is good to be so reminded again.

6. On Sunday mornings when I link my arm through my husband's as we start up the steps into church, this will be more than the usual gesture of companionship with him. It will become a motion of defiance toward Russia's denial of the freedom of religion. With thankful heart I shall bow my head inside the church of my choice, remembering the friends worshipping simultaneously in different churches.

7. Next, I shall try to keep resentment out of my heart. And I shall remember to be thankful that Russian propaganda has shown me how much I love America and how priceless is her great gift of freedom under God. In dealing with racial minorities in my own neighborhood, I shall try to see that the Mexican workman has the same understanding and opportunities of freedom that older residents of the community have so long enjoyed.

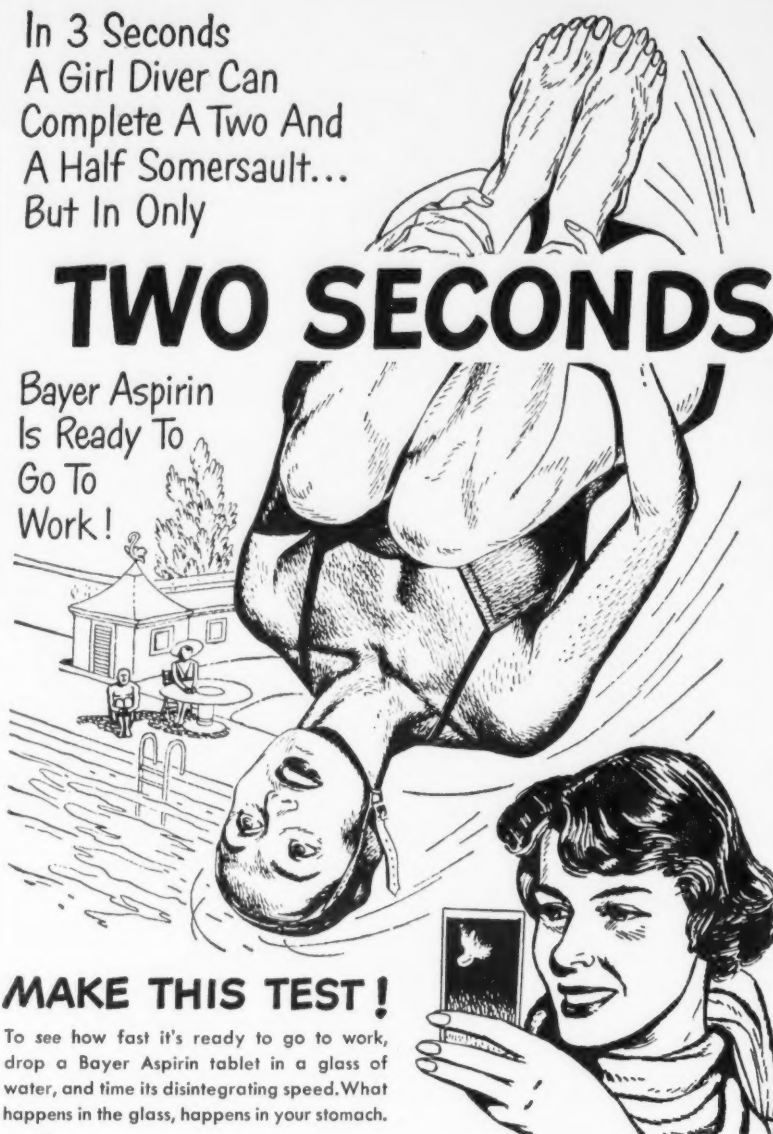
8. Finally I shall remember to read my Bible, and to pray. Before each meal in our home, we will ask God to bless this food to our bodies and this fellowship to our hearts. Often prayer shall rise for wisdom to keep calm and serene, and above all to learn how to best help those who have been more closely and cruelly caught up in the current crisis. And what is hardest of all, I will humbly ask God for grace to pray aright for Stalin himself, that he may come to see what happiness could belong to all the men and women of the world if the Heavenly Father's plan for His children could be carried out in an atmosphere of peace.

THE END

In 3 Seconds
A Girl Diver Can
Complete A Two And
A Half Somersault...
But In Only

TWO SECONDS

Bayer Aspirin
Is Ready To
Go To
Work!



MAKE THIS TEST!

To see how fast it's ready to go to work, drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water, and time its disintegrating speed. What happens in the glass, happens in your stomach.



For really *fast* relief from ordinary headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain, use Bayer Aspirin tablets. One reason they bring you relief with amazing speed is that they start disintegrating almost instantly you take them. Timed by stopwatch, they're ready to go to work in *two seconds*.

But *fast* relief isn't the only reason why it pays to use Bayer Aspirin. Also important is the fact that you can take it with *complete confidence*. For Bayer Aspirin's single active ingredient is not only *so effective* that doctors prescribe it for pain relief, but is *so wonderfully gentle* to the system mothers give it even

to small children on their doctors' advice.

So when you're in pain, don't experiment with drugs that have not been proved by years of successful use. For the *fast* relief you want—and the *dependable* relief that's important to your health—do as millions do: take genuine Bayer Aspirin.

NOW...BAYER ASPIRIN IN CHILDREN'S SIZE

New 2½ grain tablets (containing half the amount of regular size Bayer Aspirin tablets) provide proper children's dosage as prescribed by your doctor. They're neither flavored nor colored, so they cannot be mistaken for candy. 30 Tablets—25¢.

Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people, without ill effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine

BAYER ASPIRIN



FRANCIS of Assisi, hoeing his garden, was asked what he would do if he were suddenly to learn that he was to die at sunset that day. He said: "I would finish hoeing my garden."

From Elizabeth M. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

❧

Think of stepping on shore
And finding it Heaven.
Of taking hold of a hand
And finding it God's hand.
Of breathing a new air
And finding it celestial air.
Of feeling invigorated
And finding it immortality.
Of passing from storm and tempest
To perfect calm.
Of waking and knowing
I am home.

—Author Unknown

From Mrs. J. H. Conley, Louisville, Ky.

❧

REQUEST

Oh, do not try to cheer me when I'm blue,
By telling me how other people do.
But only say to me, "I'm here, Dear Heart;
It is a heavy load, let me bear part."

No, do not try to comfort when I'm sad,
By telling me that most of life is glad.
Just say to me, "I love you more, my dear,
Than I have ever loved you any year!"

—Anna Hills Abbott

From E. T. Rice, Seattle, Wash.

❧

WAR involves in its progress such a train of unforeseen and un-supposed circumstances that no human wisdom can calculate the end. It has but one thing certain, and that is to increase taxes.

—THOMAS PAINE

Give me wide walls to build my house of life—
The north shall be of love, against the winds of fate;
The south of tolerance that I may outreach hate;
The east of faith that rises clear and new each day;
The west of hope, that e'en dies a glorious way.
The threshold 'neath my feet shall be humility;
The roof—the very sky itself—infinity.
Give me wide walls to build my house of life!

—Anonymous

From Alice Cary Gilchrist, Omaha, Nebraska

❧

Words break no bones;
Hearts though sometimes.

—Robert Browning

❧

The Blessed Ones

Blessed are they who sing in the morning,
Whose faces have smiles for their early adorning.
Who come down for breakfast companioned by cheer,
Who won't dwell on trouble nor entertain fear.
Blessed are they who treat one another—
A husband, a sister, a father, a brother—
With the very same courtesy they would extend
To casual acquaintance or dearly loved friend.
Who make themselves charming, for no other reason
Than charm is a blossom for homes every season;
Who bestow love on others throughout the long day—
Pleasant to live with and blessed are they!

—NORMA MORRIS GULLY

From Mrs. Grace Porter, Wichita, Kans.

❧

FLOWERS OF FAITH

I wander in my garden from dawn till set of sun
I gather faith and courage, and when my work is done
Bright blossoms seem to whisper the story old, but new
He who plants a garden, labors not alone that through
The planting and the tending, the turning of the sod
He reaps the joy of living—and fellowship with God.
There is no force within us, that we alone can claim
The beauty of a garden with blossoms all aflame
With thoughtful pansy faces smiling at the sunlit sky
And stately dahlias nodding at the neighbors passing by.
He who plants the beautiful, strews diamonds on the sod—
But best of all, my garden gives me fellowship with God.

—NAOMI WARD GOTTHARDT

From Berta B. Smith, San Antonio, Texas

WHEN a child can be brought to tears, not from fear of punishment, but from repentance for his offense, he needs no chastisement. When the tears begin to flow from grief at one's own conduct, be sure there is an angel nestling in the bosom.

—ALEXANDER MANN

❧

Let every corner of this day
Become an altar, Lord, for Thee.
A quiet place where I can pray
And hear Thee talk to me.

The bright expectancy of dawn
Will not endure the noonday heat
Unless refreshing strength is drawn
Where altars touch Thy feet.

—SYBIL LEONARD ARMES

❧

A tree, a road, a hillside,
And a white cloud drifting by—
Ten men passed along that road,
And all but one passed by.

He saw the road, the tree, the cloud,
With an artist's mind and eye,
And put them down on canvas
For the other nine to buy.

—ANONYMOUS

From Mrs. H. R. Bean, Port Chester, N. Y.

❧

IDEALS are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But like the sea-faring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them you will reach your destiny.

—CARL SCHURZ

What is your favorite quotation or bit of verse? Include source and author and your own name. Sorry, no items returned, and no original material used.



All This.. and HEAVEN TOO!

WHAT would you long for, if you were a little boy or girl living in the crime-breeding slums of the big city?

You would wish for wide open spaces where the grass was green and soft underfoot. For big, friendly trees that cast cool inviting shadows. For a forest grove at the end of a mountain hike not too long but long enough for exciting adventures. For tents on a hilltop close to the stars where you rolled up in a sleeping bag to dream the brave dreams of childhood.

You would wish for good food—all of it that your undernourished body demanded, even second helpings. And for frosty glasses of fresh, energy-building milk, with no one to say that it's almost gone and you can't have any more.

You'd want a playground for carnivals and Indian powwows, and a playroom for the few rainy days that come even in the country. You would wish for a swimming pool where the water was clean and safe and the blue sides made it look sparkling and not like the black, dirty water of city rivers where Joe lost his life (see the story on page

47). You'd want things to do, things to make, games to play, songs to sing.

Christian Herald Children's Home has all of that. Everything to satisfy the longings of a child starved for affection, companionship, useful activities.

But it has something else—and this makes "Mont Lawn" different. It has a Children's Temple, a children's Christ. "Mont Lawn," high above the silver Hudson River, offers children faith.

Here is more than a vacation from poverty, important as that is. Here is deliverance from fear, a gateway into confidence and assurance!

HEAVEN IN THE HEART OF A CHILD—the most priceless gift you can give! The most precious possession a tenement boy or girl can take back to the uncaring city.

Christian Herald Children's Home
Business Office: 27 East 39th Street
New York 16, New York

Yes, it is a privilege to help children find health, happiness and faith! Use my gift of \$..... prayerfully, for the sake of a child.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

YOU CAN GIVE ALL THIS—HEAVEN, TOO—FOR SO LITTLE. \$15 SENDS A WAITING CHILD TO "MONT LAWN" FOR TWO WEEKS. EVERY DOLLAR THAT YOU SHARE BLESSES CHILDREN.

"O childhood, eyes uplifted, bright to see
Fleet wings, in aspiration, swift as flame,
As brave as banners, and as clean wind, free,
Exalted with a joy you cannot name;
Your spirit is akin to soaring wings,
And so we must, by tender deed and word,
Release it, till it finds itself and sings,
And soars to God, like any happy bird."

—FAITH BALDWIN





• AT HOME •

QUAKES: Washington has been shaking in its boots so emphatically you can pick it up on a seismograph. Generals Marshall, Bradley and Collins have appeared before Senator Richard Russell's committee. President Truman has appeared before television cameras and radio microphones. The substance of their revelations were, "We're scared stiff!" You could almost see beads of perspiration forming on their brows, and their eyes darting right and left to watch if the Russians were coming. Fear is a good thing if it uncorks a few spurts of adrenalin into the system. Fear is a bad thing if it sends us under the bed. The brand of fear coming out of Capitol Hill is a scared fear. There's no adrenalin in it. Our national leaders are yelling to the burglars downstairs, "H-h-help yourselves, boys, and there's Coke in the icebox"—then ducking under the covers.

For our part, we go along with Harold Stassen who says, "This counsel of fear is as alien to the heritage of America as yellow is alien to red and white and blue! It is an insidious, infectious disease which turns steel to jelly, and if embraced, it turns free men to slaves."

The question we and our leaders had better be facing is not "Are we afraid?" but "Are we *right*?" The consciousness of being right lends stiffening to the spine. We need that stiffening—now.

GYPSIES: A couple of cops in this land of the free provided Joe Stalin with a grin and several millions of Americans with red faces. At New Rochelle, N. Y., not far from Lake Success, intrepid Patrolman Pasquale Lipsio discovered three "gypsies" going into a department store. Reinforced by two courageous detectives, he took the ladies to headquarters. They turned out to be the wives and daughter of Pakistani U.N. officials. "We thought you were gypsies!" the embarrassed police department stammered. Mrs. Chhatari commented bitingly, "What's the matter with gypsies?"

"What's the matter with Negroes?" is the U.N. comeback to Southern apologies, when dark-skinned delegates happen below Baltimore without robes and turbans. "What's the matter with America?" they're going to be asking before long. It's time we got

our much-touted democracy out of Independence Hall and into our towns and onto our streets where visitors can see it in operation. We're living in glass houses, every last one of us.

SEQUEL: Last month CHRISTIAN HERALD printed an article on the rise of crime in smaller communities. You read it then and said to yourself, "It can't happen here." A week before the July issue went into the mails, "Mont Lawn," CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, made its annual appeal for funds. One of the letters was sent to a lady in Hamilton, New York—population, 2000. A few days later the contribution form was returned, this letter written on the back: "Mrs. Neff was found dead in her home Sunday morning, May 13. She had been attacked and criminally assaulted and killed on Thursday night and lay there till Sunday morning when her brother-in-law went after her to go to church and found her."

Mrs. Neff, a member of our family of subscribers, never had the chance to read "Terror in Your Town."

FRIENDS: We've said it before—we little people are pretty much alike, whether we live in Louisville or Leningrad. "If we could only get across to the Russian *people* that we're all for them, we wouldn't have to worry about wars," the fellow across the cracker barrel has said in every state of the Union. The "Voice of America" tries its best. But not until now have we come out and said in so many *official* words that we want to be pals with the Russian people. Not with Stalin. Not with the Kremlin bosses who will grab your outstretched hand and quick as a wink turn the handshake into an arm drag (see what we've learned from TV!). Not with the cold-as-dry-ice gentlemen who are out to stamp a hammer and sickle on the forehead of every human being. But with the *people*.

The House of Representatives put together a resolution. It said that Americans deeply regret the artificial barriers which separate them from the Soviet peoples and which keep the Russians from learning of the desire of the American people to live in friendship with all other peoples. Resolutions never turned the world right side up. You can't *resolve* peace or friendship. But resolutions at least

us on record. And for this one, of the 433 members of the House only 43 showed up to vote, and 7 of them were against it!

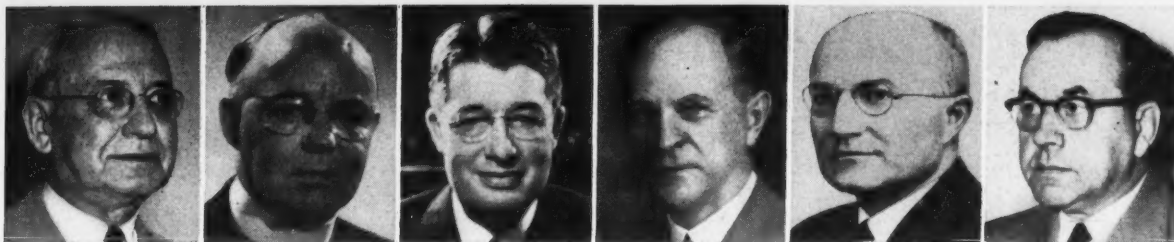
UMT: Mr. Truman shrugs off our 80,000 casualties in Korea on the belittling theory that we had over a million highway casualties last year. John Foster Dulles says that the American people may have to grow accustomed to war casualties of 100,000 a year and to war expenditures of \$20 billion. And now the draft is to take boys of 18½, and men through the age of 25 with wives only and no children. The term of service is 2 years instead of 21 months. And the new law authorizes the President to appoint a 5-man commission to produce plans for a Universal Military Training program. Under UMT, boys of 18 would enter training for six months—and UMT is likely to be approved this year.

These are your kids they're talking about. It's hard enough to see them go. But it's a lot tougher when our top leaders minimize their sacrifice. Death is death, Mr. Truman, but it's not the same, being pushed at an oncoming hurricane of steel in Korea, and going out for a Sunday drive. And we are afraid, Mr. Dulles, that we'll never grow "accustomed" to a bottomless pit that swallows 100,000 youth every year. Pray God we never do!

COURIER'S CUES: It's beginning to look as if it's Truman after all, in '52; if Truman-Taft, many voters will face impossible choice. . . . Price-cutting of fair-trade brands will not spread far—always did exist in discount houses. . . . Curbs on installment buying give people with cash better buys; tougher on the poor, easier on the rich. . . . 10% wage hike ceiling is bumping too many heads—it will lift to 15, maybe 20%. . . . Mr. Acheson may be gone by time you read this; Republican successor now would be good for Dems, bad for GOP. . . . Peace in world would bring economic slump—like it or not, our boom is hitched to Mars. . . . Of America's 42,253,000 children under 18, more than a fourth in 1949 lived in families with income of less than \$2000. Only a tenth of all children under 18 are in families with \$6000-or-over incomes. . . . Unemployment is lowest since 1945. . . . Farm land prices have gone up 14% in past year. . . . Fill fuel oil tanks now, possible local shortages later. . . . Plenty of coal, thanks to top-flight oil salesman John L. Lewis. . . . Food will ease down in price this fall; reason—good crops.

• ABROAD •

CATCH: The U.S. says it's time to tell our erstwhile enemy Japan, (now prac-



RNS PHOTOS

DENOMINATIONAL ELECTIONS: L. to r.: W. Kyle George, Youngstown, O.; is fourth layman to be elected moderator, United Presbyterian Church of N.A. Dr. Oscar A. Benson, Worcester, Mass., is new president, Augustana Lutheran Church. Dr. Harrison Ray Anderson, Chicago, is now moderator, Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. Dr. James Ross McCain, Decatur, Ga., was chosen moderator, Presbyterian Church, U.S. Dr. Kenneth S. Latourette, New Haven, Conn., was elected president, American Baptist Convention. Dr. David Van Strien, Woodcliff-on Hudson, N. J., is president, General Synod, Reformed Church in America.

tically our only friend in Asia) that the war's over. Britain too is ready to go along, but John Foster Dulles and British Minister Kenneth Younger first had to iron out a few details. They think they're rid of the wrinkles. U.S. says that Chiang should sign the treaty on behalf of China. Britain says that Mao should sign—even though in Korea he wiped out all but 50 of 600 men of the Gloucestershire Regiment's 1st Battalion. Russia (at war with Japan for a grand total of 6 days, and already paid off with the Kuriles, south Sakhalin, Port Arthur, Dairen, control of the Manchurian railroads—and China!) as usual wants to boss things. Mr. Dulles and Mr. Younger have settled the first problem by deciding that Japan herself, after a treaty with U.S. and Britain, will decide whether Red China or Nationalist China should sign. As for Russia, U.S. has let it be known that this is our yowling baby and Russia can do her own treaty-making.

The only catch is that presumably we shall have to stay in Japan with troops, even after a treaty is signed. As of now, Japan is an occupied nation; she can't help herself. Post-treaty Japan would be a sovereign nation—at peace with us—basing our troops fighting in Korea—still technically at war with Russia—answerable as a “neutral” power to the Chinese Reds. It all means that any treaty signed will be post-dated.

IRAN: Officials of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company offered \$28 million and a peace pipe. But Premier Mossadegh kept both hands behind him. Britain tried to buy her way out of a tight spot in the Uncle Sam tradition, and when you hear the whole story, you begin to know why it was a little late for money. We hope it may yet be settled peacefully. But never again can Iran be the same, Iran—a country developed by outside interests, then exploited. Finally, little people getting up

off their faces and realizing that they are not little at all. “Sahib” getting the boot.

Actually the Anglo-“Iranian” Oil Company is all-British at the top, mostly so at the bottom. Britons came in to work and looked down their noses at the “natives.” The British treasury received more in taxes from the company than Iran did. Iran's royalties were less than those of other middle East oil countries.

“Practical” men go on mouthing memorized lines about technical know-how and profit levels. But they turn out to be not so practical after all. For a nation can no longer offend the pride of another nation with impunity. The world is getting too small—and too smart—for that. Britain found out too late that Iranians are people.

CONGO: The papers are headlining a Marshall Plan loan of \$15½ million to Belgium, earmarked for a development program in the Belgian Congo. Seems that the colony is one of the world's chief sources of uranium. The money is to be used to build highways, improve vital waterways and to construct new power stations. Industrialists think they can get out more copper, cobalt, tin, manganese and uranium, but they say they've been hampered by the slow economic development of the territory. Now they'll get their waterways and their electric power. Light, power and transportation—necessities of the modern age. And Belgian Congo is to have them because a handful of scientists built an atomic pile under a stadium in Chicago!

We can't help wondering—if money and help had gone out to the Congo and to other backward areas of the world, fifty, even twenty years ago—whether we'd need to be out feverishly hunting uranium.

KOREA: We don't want to pass it by as if it means nothing to us. But what

can you say about Korea that hasn't been said? There is this much: General Marshall didn't go over just to look at the pockmarked scenery. U.N. forces—and we use the expression “U.N.” a little wearily by now—may have something up their sleeves for the Inchon category. Or the General may have been looking into the possibility of a truce. If the Reds don't quit, certainly they are fighting for the fun of it. For the U.S. is ready to give them everything from the 38th Parallel north. Our top leaders are ready to write off 80,000 casualties, call \$20 billion a bad debt. That would shove us right back to where we started.

But nothing will ever put our 25,000 dead-or-missing back to June 24, 1950. The truce-makers had better be sure they have a good answer for 25,000 questions asking, “What have you bought with our blood?”

● CHURCH NEWS ●

LOVE: All is not lost. Not while men can remember Pastor Sohn, Dr. Appenzeller of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church tells the story. In the fall of 1948 there was a Communist uprising in the province of South Chulla, in South Korea. The two sons of Pastor Sohn Yang Won were betrayed to the Communists by a high school classmate, and killed. ROK forces soon had the rebellion in hand, and they captured the high school boy. Pastor Sohn went to his trial, asked that the youth be released to him to live in his home to take the place of his two sons. The court paroled the boy to the father of his victims while the people looked on wide-eyed. Pastor Sohn continued his work in his parish and among the lepers. He was there when the Reds poured in last year. At first they let him continue. Finally, resenting his goodness as the darkness resents light, they ordered him to recant. He would not, and they killed him. With three bullets, they killed him.

When Pastor Sohn's boys died, it was the patients at the leper colony who comforted him. And now again they came and took his body away.

DANGER: Men evil enough to kill Pastor Sohn—these are the principalities and powers arrayed against us. The Committee on the Present Danger, a

nationwide organization of those who see the threat to America and the churches of America as more than bullets and bombs, is doing its best to tell us. Talk about interfaith co-operation! Here is Exhibit A. Neither in Korea nor in China do they ask a man if he is Catholic or Protestant. They killed Methodist Pastor Sohn in Korea and in Nanking they have sentenced two Catholic nuns to 10 years in jail—godly women who cared for starved, wretched little orphans picked up on the streets, and the Communists said they were killing the babies!

On a radio broadcast sponsored by the Committee, Dr. Daniel A. Poling and Rev. Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., vice-president of Georgetown University, discussed together what Christians of all creeds are up against. It was more than polite conversation—it was chummy! And why not? Men have a surprising lot in common when they stand shoulder to shoulder against a brutal foe!

OF COURSE: That reminds us of a speech made by Federal Judge John F. X. McGohey of Brooklyn, obviously no Presbyterian. He was speaker at a dinner of the Catholic Press Association, at which Francis Cardinal Spellman presided. Judge McGohey said that Catholics must work out with others "a way of cooperative community living on the basis of the common American citizenship we all share and cherish. This neither requires nor implies repudiation of beliefs or principles or the diluting of them." He said pungently (and we hope that some of the brethren there took it to heart and that some on this side of the fence will do likewise): "We cannot in the final analysis expect everyone always to agree with us. If they agreed with us in everything, they'd all belong to the Catholic Church. They don't and we have to accept that fact." We're for that with two whoops and a holler.

In Seattle, Wash., Msgr. Joseph Dougherty broke up a planned high school baccalaureate service with the statement, "Of course it is impossible for Catholic students to participate in other religious services." That smug "of course" gives a hard kick in the teeth to Judge McGohey!

SWEDEN: When Protestants mention the lack of religious freedom in Spain, Italy and South America, our Catholic friends pop right back with, "What about Sweden?" It's not to be a hot potato much longer. The Riksdag has enacted a freedom of religion law, which, while it would cramp the style even of an American Methodist, let alone a Roman Catholic, is the first forward step since 1873. Effective January 1 of next year, a person may leave the



State Church (Lutheran) without having to join any other denomination, after the age of 18. A child of State Church parents will not be enrolled if the parents announce that they do not wish the child to be a member. If the Riksdag approves after the 1952 general elections, it will not be necessary to belong to the "pure Evangelical faith" in order to hold public office. Not even school teachers of religion would have to be members of the State Church. Convents and monasteries may be established.

All of which gives Catholics in Sweden a hundred times more freedom than Protestants have in Spain. In fact, even the Catholics in Spain are complaining. Franco is ruthlessly censoring the Catholic press!

LIFT: We don't know the people at the Racine Public Library, but we have an idea they're nice folks. Every new St. Luke's and St. Mary's hospital patient receives on his first noon meal tray a library blotter printed neatly in blue. "Surely there are numerous books and many subjects that you have always wanted to read and learn about but have not done so because of the constant duties of everyday life. Our service that will bring these books and materials to your bed or chair is as close as your fingertips. Our ceiling book projector is also available for your use. Simply phone." Nice deal!

But what caught our eye was the Scripture quotation in big type at the very top of the blotter: "*Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art*" (Genesis 13:14). One of the most heart-lifting texts for a sick person that we've seen. An orchid to the Racine Public Library!

HYMN: Professor George B. Vetter is not a preacher. He's a psychologist at New York University. He was telling civil defense workers in lower Manhattan what to do when an atomic attack starts. There were building control directors in his audience, special officers and guards of skyscrapers south of Fulton Street, small businessmen from little shops, tough characters from the piers. They looked up at Professor Vetter and waited for him to tell them the latest educational theories on how to handle crowds if Russian planes hit the Big City. "Sing a hymn," he told them. "The old hymns are wonderful for calming crowds!"

IN BRIEF: Christian Scientists in California have stymied adding of fluorine to public drinking water to help prevent tooth decay, but they don't object to chlorine in water. . . . Benevolent per capita giving for entire population is \$23.33, against \$461 for federal taxes (\$267 of that for military use). . . . Bob Bell of the Nashville *Banner* has a column of front-page na-

tional church news each Saturday; who said no reader interest? . . . New starts in church construction to June 1 were 23 per cent above starts in first five months of '50. . . Dr. Billy Graham has resigned as president of Northwestern Schools at Minneapolis and was made president of board of trustees. . . House of Representatives has 84 Methodists, 72 Roman Catholics, 56 Baptists, 48 Presbyterians, 41 Episcopalians, among others. . . Mount Olivet Lutheran Church at Minneapolis *literally* had to hire a hall so that its entire congregation (7000 were there) could worship together; usually it takes four identical services. . . In West Germany, 50.7% of population are Protestants, 45.2% are Catholics; Schleswig Holstein is 87.6% Protestant and Bavaria is 72.3% Catholic; in West Berlin, 73% are Protestants and 11.5% Catholics. . . Greek Orthodox Church in America has applied for membership in National Council of Churches.

● TEMPERANCE ●

CAMPS: The new draft law (see "UMT") has an amendment written into it concerning the sale of beer and intoxicating liquors. (We don't know why they always say "beer and"—as if

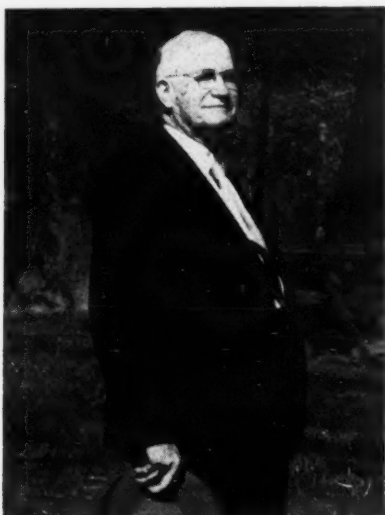
beer wasn't! Dr. Goldberg of the Karolinska Institute, Sweden, found that attention and sureness of muscle groups begin to show impairment at .04% of alcohol in the blood—that is, after taking *one-half* bottle of beer without food.) Congress now puts liquor regulation squarely up to the Secretary of Defense. He will make the rules for sales in the vicinity of military installations and training camps. Bishop Hammaker points out that it was formerly left up to area commanders or local authorities in the camps. "Frankly," he says, "we have found a good deal of buck passing." We can imagine! And now it's up to Secretary Marshall. He will lay down the law and it will be the same law for all camps. If it's not a good law, the finger points at him.

SUPPORT: A California reader gave us something to think about. She reported that Horace Heidt, cigarette salesman (CHRISTIAN HERALD, April, 1949), gave a plug to a group of Methodist women, "I am wondering if the Methodists are going to let him get away with advertising them," she wrote. We'd like to ask the question, "How long are we going to let the tobacco and liquor industries get away with *entertaining us*, on television and radio? It's a bundle to ponder! We listen to their jokes, watch their ball games and their Pulitzer plays, but disapprove of the beer. We're willing to take what they give—or are we? At our house, *we are not!* It gives us a queasy feeling to watch a play knowing that beer is paying the bills. At our house we simply rule out the beer programs. We feel better about laying into 'em hammer and tongs, when we haven't grabbed for their presents.

DEATH: Dr. David M. Spain, Medical Examiner of Westchester County, New York, has come up with another of his surveys that periodically jolt Gotham's suburbanites. During one year, Dr. Spain found, alcohol was a contributing or responsible factor in one out of four violent deaths. In 78 traffic deaths, 36 of the victims had been drinking. Significantly (we've been yapping our heads off on this for years!), these persons were for the most part not chronic alcoholics—but *people who had been drinking at a cocktail party, a tavern, a wedding or a holiday celebration*. Fifteen of 78 suicides were committed with the aid and abetment of alcohol, and of 8 killed in homicide, 7 were more or less under the influence as were 7 of the aggressors.

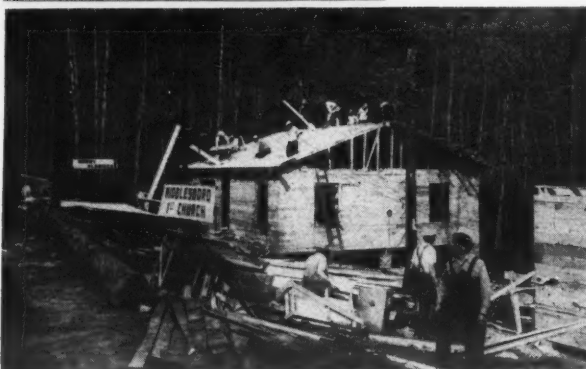
It adds up to this: if you want to stay alive (at least in Westchester) keep away from alcohol and you up your chances.

MEN: Brigadier General Lewis B. Puller (Marine Corps) bills himself as a tough character. He came back from Korea fuming that American fighting men are being fed too many ice cream cones. "Get rid of the ice cream and candy," he yelled. "Give 'em beer and whisky—that'll help some. Get some pride in them. Tell them they're men." We agree with his last two statements. But we don't see how whisky, or even beer, produces either pride or men. We've seen too many results in the other direction. No, General, we frankly doubt that John Barleycorn fights on our side in Korea or on any other battlefield. And you'd be the first to slap a man in the brig if he saw two Reds and fired at the one who wasn't there.



UPON THE MOUNTAINS: Seven hundred preachers, teachers, business and professional men donned overalls to celebrate the 25th anniversary of Clear Creek Mountain Preachers Bible School. In one day they turned out 19 new cottages for married students. More than 2500 young people have attended the school founded in 1926 by Dr. Lloyd C. Kelly (left), Southern Baptist pastor, to train boys who had a "call" to the ministry but no funds and little educational background. On their weekends, students hike deep into the Kentucky Cumberlands, taking the Gospel to thousands of back-country folks.

PHOTOS COURTESY THE UPSON CO., LOCKPORT, N. Y.



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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Editorially Speaking...

● "A TIME TO PREACH AND A TIME TO FIGHT!"

ON a January Sunday back in 1776 there stood in a Lutheran pulpit a man whose heart was torn with his country's peril. The Rev. John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg struggled to keep his mind on his sermon, then abruptly declared, "There's a time to preach and a time to fight!"—and forthwith stepped out of his pulpit and into the Continental Army.

In times of crisis, America fortunately has had Christian men who knew when talk should end and action begin. Not many, never enough, but a saving few. Such men are the hope of Christian democracy.

Today's great crisis in American survival does not arise from strength attacking us from without, but from political corruption crumbling us from within. A recent succession of shocking revelations has shown our city, state and national governments to be the habitation of crooks and charlatans, our politicians in liaison with sinister combines, our elected officials the tools of vested interests. Indignation has been rife—in pulpits, in the press, over the radio. And in the train of the Kefauver and Fulbright hearings, there has arisen the anguished cry from millions of Americans: "How can we bring morality back into America's political life?"

One city especially disturbed is Philadelphia. Senator Kefauver has described it as "a depressing spectacle of municipal laissez-faire, a city almost too lazy to raise a hand" to lift itself from its political miasma. But last April a group of citizens did "raise a hand." They sponsored, and the electorate voted into being, a new city charter that would take city government out of the ward-healers' hands and center it in a mayor with wide authority and utter freedom, responsible to no machine, no special interest, only to the people. Under this charter the new mayor would have an opportunity for high public service unparalleled in the history of American cities.

But where to find a man big enough, able enough, good enough? The committee of independent citizens turned to a fellow-citizen, a Christian minister of international reputation. For fifteen years this man had been having his vigorous say about municipal misgovernment. Now the committee said, in effect: "There's a time to preach and a time to fight for civic righteousness, Daniel Poling!"

Dr. Poling gave no quick answer. Even should he acquiesce, there were important conditions he must insist upon. The committee met them all. Then Dan Poling did what he has always done when confronted with an important decision: he went to his knees. He arose to accept the challenge.

That campaign—both in the July 24th primary and, should he be nominated, in the general election in November—will be something to watch. Certainly the drafting of a Christian minister for a mayoral race is

something new to big-city politics. It may even set a trend. We sincerely hope it does. There has been too much proof recently that when Christians fail in their citizenship obligations, either by shying from elective office or by shunning the polls, the rogues and the roughnecks move in. Good government is seldom defeated; it is often defaulted. And the default is usually attributable to the inaction of "good people."

In Philadelphia the Poling-for-Mayor movement has electrified those seriously interested in reform. Among these are many of Dr. Poling's fellow clergymen of all faiths. Surprisingly enough, in view of its uniqueness, questions about the propriety of a minister running for elective office have been raised by only a few, and these for the most part by persons who know nothing of that revolutionary new charter and almost as little of Poling's lifetime habit of responding to Christian duty and his steadfast refusal to wear any man's collar while performing it.

One curious comment appeared in *Zion's Herald*, whose editor regretted Dr. Poling's decision "because it will remove him from the prophetic role of the ministry." In view of present-day Protestantism's constant emphasis upon Christian social action, it would seem to us that such a step, so far from removing one from the prophetic role, plunges him more deeply therein. Certainly our respected contemporary would not suggest that a Christian minister's "prophetic" political action should begin with pious viewing-with-alarm and end with rousing urges to laymen to betake themselves down into the arena while he himself remains in the grandstand!

Let it be understood that *CHRISTIAN HERALD*, as such, will be bearing no partisan banners in Philadelphia's upcoming contest. But now as ever, in Philadelphia and everywhere, this magazine expects to keep aloft its blazing torch for the principle of Christian participation in crusades for good government everywhere, from the tiniest ward and remotest county seat to the nation's capital.

America's most urgent need today is a whole host of aroused and dedicated Christians, clergy and laity alike, who will keep before Caesar the claims that are God's. It is our observation that the most zealous proclaimers of the dictum "Religion and politics don't mix" are those who stand to lose by the mixing.

We know today as never before that if our democracy is to be delivered from the creeping paralysis of political corruption and ineptitude, we have got to persuade more men of firm religious convictions to stand for elective office—and then support them with Christian votes and vigor.

Clarence H. Nace



*"You're the best neighbor
anyone ever had,"
Martha said.*

The Hollyhocks next door

JOHN FOLSOM!" Martha exclaimed, putting down the newspaper with a plop. "Do you know what?"

Her husband looked over the top of his magazine, a resigned expression on his face. "No," he said. "What?"

Martha gave an exasperated snort. "The Garden Club is going to have the garden show a full three weeks early this year."

"Well, what do you know about that!" John observed.

"What do I know?" Martha echoed. "Do you realize what that means?"

John Folsom shook his head. "What does it mean?"

Martha was annoyed at his manner in the face of the impending catastrophe. "It means," she stated, "that I

haven't the ghost of a chance to get a prize on my hollyhocks, and that Jacob Huff, who's raising hollyhocks that aren't even his, really, will walk off with the honors."

John shook his head sadly as he awaited further enlightenment.

"That whole row of Summer Glory hollyhocks on the south side of his house sprang up from seed that blew across from our yard," Martha said mournfully. "Mine won't be in bloom for at least two weeks, and Jacob's are beginning to come out already. Why on earth was I such an empty-brain as to plant hollyhocks on the north?"

"A regrettable oversight," John commented cautiously, then added. "A person can't very well regulate the wind. The seeds just blew across."

"Blew across?" Martha repeated, irritated at John's agreeing with her. "Certainly they blew across. That's the trouble. Why on earth did the officers schedule that garden show a full two weeks early? Well, it serves me right for not going to the last meeting. I might have known something like this would happen." She settled back in her chair.

John peeked at her out of the corner of his eye, then ducked behind his magazine.

Martha tried to blot out the dismal prospect by studying the weekend specials at Martin's Food Market. But

By GRACE V. WATKINS

ILLUSTRATOR: CONRAD MOULTON

J. C. Penney

LINES OF A LAYMAN

THE PRICE OF PROSPERITY



INCREASINGLY over the nation today men accept the belief that in this country everybody can do less and less work and collect more and more pay and the nation will grow stronger as they do it. Likewise, men are increasingly accepting the belief that thrift is an outmoded virtue, that saving is no longer necessary, that it is the function of government to provide security for one's self and one's family. Increasingly those who would save and those who have invested are becoming suspect in our society.

But, someone may say, isn't the new philosophy proving itself? When have we ever known greater prosperity than we have today? When have our workers had higher wages? When have our corporations shown higher profits? When, if ever, has business been better? Apply the pragmatic test: if "by their fruits ye shall know them," then surely the new philosophy is 100% sound.

Certainly it's true that the nation appears prosperous today. But everything has its price, and consider what we're paying for our prosperity: increasingly our economy is *subsidized* and *underwritten* and *inflated* by our government. And at what a cost to that government! Our government, like that of Great Britain and a number of others, is today piling deficit upon deficit. Last year (1950) we had a current deficit of nearly \$4 billion and we are told that we'll end the fiscal year of 1951 with another deficit of slightly more than \$5 billion. (Parenthetically, let me say that these figures are on the conservative side and I venture the opinion that the deficits for the years of 1950 and 1951 will total nearly \$14 billion.)

Should we be alarmed? Certainly we should be aroused to think and act.

(Harper & Bros. recently published Mr. Penney's "Fifty Years With the Golden Rule.")

somehow the delectable photos all the way from the humble potato to the elegant fresh strawberry failed to lift her spirits.

The next two weeks were somewhat of a mental marathon for Martha Folsom. "I can't say anything to Jacob," she informed John at breakfast one morning. "He's a good neighbor and we've never had a disagreement in eight years of living side by side."

Solemnly John agreed, glancing out of the kitchen window at the flourishing blooms next door.

"Just look at that," Martha told him one evening not long afterward, her hands in the dishwater and her eyes focused on the splash of color in Jacob's yard. "I do believe that even that exquisite dark red one's coming out." At that exact moment Jacob Huff turned and waved to her with all the cordiality of a small-town neighbor, Martha brightly waved back, making an effort to adjust her facial contours to an expression of pleased affability.

That day of the garden show dawned bright and clear. By ten o'clock the flower-raising zealots were already as-

sembling in considerable numbers at the Legion Hall where broad tables had been set out for the flower displays and a temporary platform erected at the west end to accommodate the judges and serve as a center for making announcements of the winners. As the tables gradually became vivid with blooms a fresh summery smell filled the hall and drifted through the windows carried by the breeze to the street beyond. Children shuffled in and out among the oldsters and sniffed briefly at the more colorful of the blossoms.

"Over there," Martha admonished John, pointing to the far end of the hall where a large sign informed all comers that this was the hollyhock section. "We're good and early," she continued, "so even if my flowers aren't as big as Jacob's I'll get them in a good spot." John plopped the jars down at the very front of the table. Martha checked. Yes, her number—22—was neatly pinned to each jar. If only there had been another week the hollyhocks would have been perfection!

At one o'clock, with a burst of music by the civic band and the cutting of the streamers across the front door by two of the prettiest young matrons Abbotville could boast, the garden show was officially opened. Most of the stores in town closed for the afternoon and a goodly representation of people from the surrounding farming section flocked in, along with a substantial delegation of the local citizenry. Standing near the platform watching the crowd, Martha thought she had never seen such a colorful event in the little town. Members of the Garden Club, importantly wearing blue and gold badges, stood about in the role of guides and guards, eyes out for small boys with meddling instincts, and answered questions with an expression of pleased authority.

"I've never seen so many flowers before," Martha confided to Jacob Huff.

"Or such beautiful ones," he added. Rigidly Martha straightened her spine, determined to be pleasant to her rival for the hollyhock honors.

With the approach of four o'clock an atmosphere of anticipation rose among the throngs of people milling about in the Legion Hall.

"Guess the judges have finished their tour," Jacob told Martha, indicating the group of five men and women making their way toward the platform. With a fluttering of heart Martha watched them pause at the steps and hand the record sheet to the president of the Garden Club, who in turn passed it on to the mayor.

An ear-splitting whistle sounded. "Your attention, please," the stentorian voice of the president shouted through a megaphone. "Your attention, please." The crowd quieted down. The president, an amply proportioned gentleman, flourished his megaphone, then, clapping it to his lips, said, "We are now to have the report of the judges as to the awards. The names of the winners and the events in which they have won will be read by your good friend and mine, Mayor Daniel Torrington."

Ponderously the mayor arose and, peering through his glasses at the sheet of paper, began to speak. "It gives me great pleasure to announce the following awards." *Thank goodness, he isn't going to make a speech,* thought Martha. She wondered what had become of John. Looking over the crowd, she spied him across the hall near the lemonade table.

The mayor was reading the list of events and winners, chanting in a deep voice that carried above the hum of the crowd.

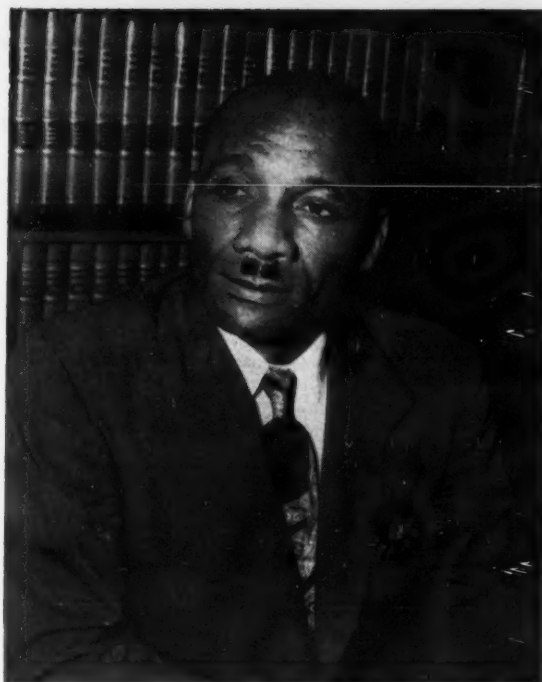
"Event Number 9," he boomed,

(Continued on page 46)



His Court *is a* Classroom

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL



JUDGE LAWSON E. THOMAS

Int. News

A YEAR and a half ago the most unusual court in the country came into existence. Its mission: to convince fifty thousand Negroes that the law means equal justice for all, regardless of color.

Miami's city commissioners knew that they were risking their political careers when they decided to break an 80-year tradition and appoint the first Negro judge in the entire South since reconstruction days. They could be certain of widespread opposition from advocates of white supremacy. Even among Miami's Negroes there were many who criticized their move and the judge who accepted their appointment.

Yet today the South's first court run entirely by Negroes fully justifies their courage. Crimes of violence in Miami's Negro areas have fallen by 50 percent. Juvenile delinquency has been cut by almost two thirds.

Largely responsible for these spectacular changes is a small, balding calm-voiced judge who explains his utterly unorthodox courtroom procedures by the simple declaration, "I'm not running a court, I'm running a classroom."

Lesson Number One in Judge Lawson E. Thomas' book is the futility of pleading guilty just to get it over with. Arrested by white officers and haled before a white judge, southern Negroes too often conclude that they stand convicted from the start. Almost automatically they mutter an abject "Guilty, I guess," hoping the court will

trade a lighter sentence in return for the time they save it.

To such a plea Judge Thomas replies: "You're in this court to get a trial. And in a trial we can't have guesses; we've got to know, for certain. So if you just *guess* you're guilty, I'm going to plead you not guilty, and then we'll hear all about what happened."

It never seems to matter how long it takes, either. For that is Lesson Number Two; the law's promise of a day in court literally means what it says. Judge Thomas has Job-like patience with the wordy fumbblings of those who come before him. A newspaper columnist took him to task for taking too long to try his cases, particularly those of "just plain drunks."

"The way I see it," Judge Thomas said, "a plain drunk is a plain man. I've got to judge the man, too."

DRUNKENNESS cases constitute nearly half of all those that come before his court. If the record indicates a "first-time drunk" the culprit gets off with a short lecture. Court opens especially early on Monday mornings so that such original-sinners, having spent the weekend thinking it over and sobering up, can be sent off to their jobs before they lose a day's pay.

"Lots of judges forget," Lawson Thomas points out, "that somebody—maybe the kids—won't eat so good if a man is out a day's pay. I always stop myself and say, 'Who are you fining?'"

Repeater drunks get fined on a rising scale. But it's only when nothing else

helps that a man whose drunkenness is not accompanied by violent disorderly conduct is ever sent to jail or the county stockade. Especially with youngsters—the kids under 21 who get "high" on two or three drinks—the Judge sedulously avoids jailing. "I'm trying to teach those kids," he says, "to give up drinking. A man with a jail record—it doesn't matter what for—has to fight it all his life."

YET JUDGE Thomas' reluctance to fine or jail drunks is no indication that they have an easy time in his court. He has better ways of convincing his people that excessive drinking doesn't pay.

I watched him apply his method to a handsome youngster in a torn sport shirt who hung his massive head abjectly as the clerk read the charge: "Drunk and Disorderly."

"Have you got a job?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure you still have a job?"

"That's what's worrying me now, Judge."

"That's right. You get drunk on your own time, but you sober up on the boss's time. They don't like that one bit, do they?"

"No, sir, I guess they don't."

"If I send you to the stockade for eight days you wouldn't have any job at all when you came out, would you?"

"But I'm not going to do that," the Judge continued. "I'll sentence you to just four hours in jail; downstairs in

(Continued on page 68)

how those DEAD SEA

Here told for the first time is the amazing story-behind-the-story of the discovery of those ancient biblical scrolls which so excited the scholars three years ago.

By EMIL PAUL JOHN

THREE years ago newspapers trumpeted the discovery of the oldest biblical manuscripts known to exist. Despite the importance of the find, the ordinary man in the street found himself stifling a yawn. In his eyes the whole subject was as dust dry as the crumbling parchment scrolls themselves.

Actually, the story has all the spine-tingling excitement of a paper-backed thriller. It is an incredible tale of Bedouin smugglers, intrigue and raw adventure. And it is true.

Until this moment, the details of the discovery have never been revealed. One good reason for the carefully kept secret was that Near East officials saw no point in advertising to

the world the movement of illegal contraband in their territories. But now it can be told. And here the dramatic details are published for the first time anywhere.

The story goes back to some three years ago, when a band of Bedouins—roughest, toughest, of all nomadic Arabs—started out from Amman, capital of Transjordan, with goats and other supplies they had purchased there at low prices. Their destination was Bethlehem, about 50 miles to the west; more specifically, the marketplace at Bethlehem. There they would sell their goods in the black market at enormous profit.

As any Sunday-school pupil knows, there is a natural barrier between

Transjordan and Palestine: the Jordan River. Only one bridge spans this boundary and it is heavily guarded by police and customs agents who collect tariff on all Palestinian imports. The Bedouins, to escape the officials, took to isolated footpaths through dense thickets and approached the Jordan River at a point about six miles south of the bridge.

One of the group swam the river, dragging a rope and fastening it to a rock on the other shore, within sight of St. John's Assyrian Monastery. Then he cautiously scouted the area for signs of customs agents, who frequently moved down and engaged in gun fights with the smugglers. When he gave the all-clear signal, the other Bedouins wrapped the contraband in oil cloths and floated it across the river with the aid of the guide rope. Then they and the animals swam the short distance.

Once on the Palestine side the group turned southward toward the Dead Sea and regions where no man could long live because of the heat and dry climate. The journey now brought them to the same mountains,



SCROLLS came to light

valleys and deserts where Jesus wandered during His forty days in the wilderness.

They stayed close to the Dead Sea, moving southward until they reached Ain El Feshkhah, nothing more than a spring of water. The oasis is one of few in that area which remain watered even in the driest seasons. Here the party filled water jars for the long trip across the desert.

As they were about to resume their journey, one of the Bedouins noticed that a goat had strayed from the flock and was wandering on rocky steeps nearby. He set out to retrieve the animal. Halfway up the hill, the Bedouin encountered huge stones that bulged from the hillside and formed a moderately steep cliff. His sharp eyes searched the area and spotted an entrance in the rock, about four feet above the ground and large enough for a man to crawl through. The opening led into a cave, but the bottom of the cavern could not be seen from without. To test the depth, the Bedouin hurled a stone through the aperture and listened for its landing on the cave floor. The stone crashed against

pottery and broke a brittle container.

Startled by the noise, the Bedouin fled and shouted for one of his companions. Together they returned to investigate the cave. The drop to the floor was a short one. The two smugglers landed among a mass of pottery—some cracked and in fragments, others in perfect condition covered by smaller bowls. In all there were about 47 containers and matching covers.

Like pirates finding an old sea chest, the Bedouins envisioned all kinds of wealth. Greedily they scrambled to break open the jars and secure the contents. But instead of gold or valuable stones, they found scrolls—dingy leather scrolls, scarred by worms, tortured by time and stained by the elements. The Bedouins cursed, for the

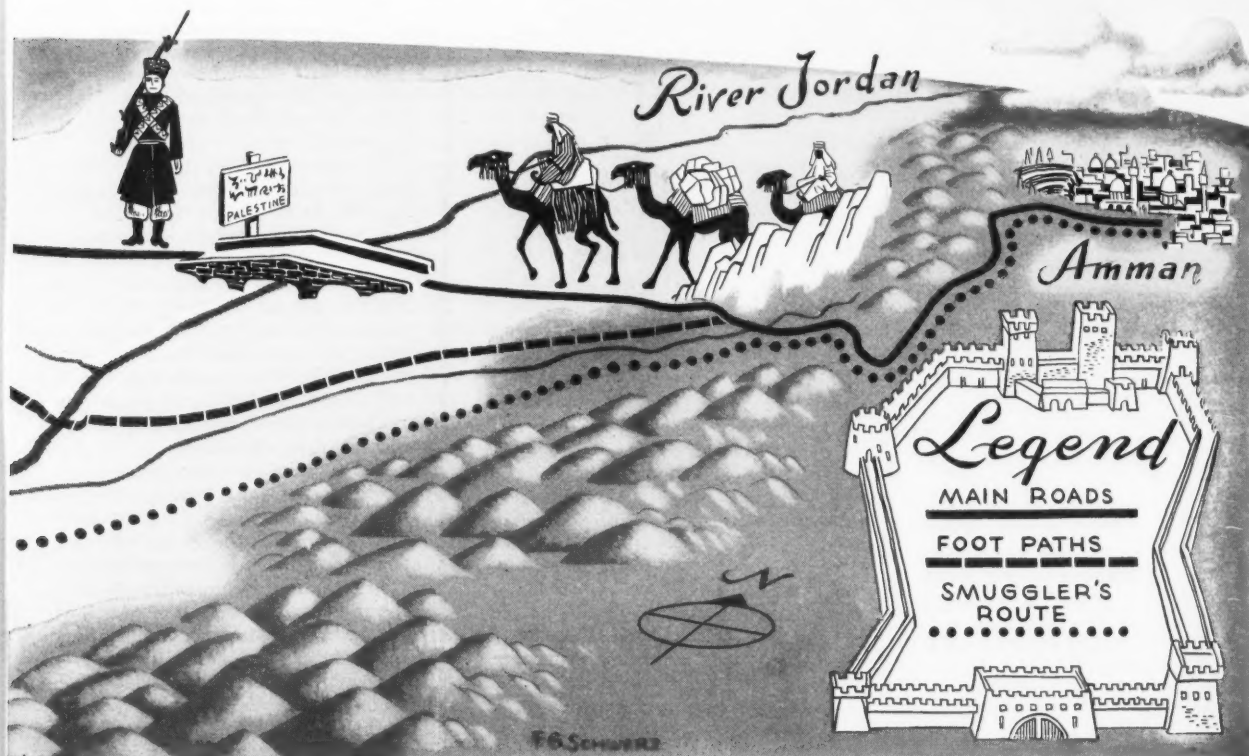
cache seemed worthless. Nevertheless, they took several of the scrolls and some jars they later used for water containers. Then they rejoined their band and continued their journey

(Continued on next page)



INT. NEWS

The Archbishop of Jerusalem holds one of the scrolls.





THE LORD'S SUPPER By Radio

NEXT Sunday morning tens of thousands of shut-ins will dial their radios to church broadcasts and lean back on their pillows to worship God. If they feel like singing they may add their voices to the "Doxology" rolling out of the speaker grille. If they care to follow the Scripture reading, all they have to do is pick up a Bible from a bedside table. As the minister prays, they may if they choose close their eyes in meditation. There is no problem even when it is time for the offering plate to be passed; many radio preachers invite listeners to send in their dollars—and fortunately so, for financial sharing helps to give shut-ins a needed warm glow of participation.

But unfortunates on their sickbeds and in their wheelchairs have had to go without one other important element of Christian worship. Shut-ins have been shut out from the Lord's Supper. Most of them do not get an opportunity to so much as hear the clink of communion glasses. Either the broadcast is cut off when the communion service begins or the Supper is commemorated after the regular broadcast period. And the sick, aged and infirm are brutally impressed with the fact that they are tucked away in a corner, cut off from others of like faith.

Sometimes the pastor makes the rounds with his miniature communion kit, but it isn't the same. There is no soft organ music, little feeling of oneness with fellow Christians sitting to-

gether at a common table. It is hard for a solitary communing shut-in to make himself believe that by this simple act he is holding high a torch lighted in an Upper Room and handed down through the years. When that sense of fellowship with space and time is taken from worship, the brave heart is cut out of it.

But why make shut-ins feel more isolated than they are? Why not draw a circle that takes them in? Why not give them every spiritual aid possible to help them fight their way back to health? These were questions that resulted in what would look to some like a daring religious adventure. They were questions that struck Dr. John B. Oman, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Trenton, New Jersey.

Dr. Oman knew something about the importance of mental attitudes; for years he was chaplain at a state hospital. His Sunday morning radio program on WBUD, "Chapel of Cheer," was a church service directed at the sick and shut in. He tried to give them something to hope for. He spoke quietly, a friendly pastor talking in a sick room, not shouting in a stadium. He passed along wholesome, healing

(Continued on page 56)



Chalice in hand, Dr. Oman delivers his radio Communion Service while a shut-in, listening to the broadcast, prepares to take the wine.



DEAD SEA SCROLLS

(Continued from page 21)

across the desert to Bethlehem.

The smugglers did not know they had made what scholars now term the greatest manuscript discovery of modern times. The hillside cave near the northwest shore of the Dead Sea finally had given up its precious documents after 2000 years. But the story of the Dead Sea Scrolls was only beginning.

Every smuggling ring must have an outlet for its illegal shipments. For the Bedouins this contact was a Syrian merchant in Bethlehem who purchased the contraband and sold it in the black market. Because they trusted the merchant, the smugglers showed him the scrolls and asked if they had any value.

Dealers in the Near East usually can estimate quite accurately the value of goats and lamps and other household commodities. But tattered manuscripts—that was something else. As he unrolled one of the tanned parchments, the merchant recognized script that appeared to be Syriac. He thought such manuscripts might sufficiently interest the Assyrian Archbishop in Jerusalem to make it worth their while. So the dealer notified another Syrian merchant in Jerusalem, who later informed Archbishop Yeshue Samuel.

News of the discovery excited the prelate, for he suspected—because no one had lived in the area of the cave since early Christian times—that the manuscripts might be quite ancient. He urged the merchant to reach the Bedouins and find out more about the scrolls.

A few days later the two merchants came with one of the scrolls to the Archbishop's residence—St. Mark's Syrian Orthodox Monastery in the Old City. The prelate broke off a small piece of the yellow, brittle manuscript and burned it. The odor indicated it was leather or parchment. Assuring them he would buy the scrolls, the Archbishop again urged the merchants to meet the Bedouins and bring all the manuscripts to the monastery.

Meanwhile, the smugglers disappeared on another expedition and did not return until several weeks later. On their arrival, the Bethlehem merchant telephoned the Archbishop, who requested he immediately bring the Bedouins to the convent. Two Bedouins left with the scrolls, joined the Jerusalem merchant and arrived that morning at the convent. They were met at the door by a priest, Father Boulos, who was not expect-

(Continued on page 56)



Road's End A PORTRAIT OF A HOUSE

By FAITH BALDWIN

IN AUGUST the part of the world in which I live stands knee deep in summer. This is a section where wooded ridges march along the horizon, the roads curve and dip, climb and turn. Here, in August, the trees are heavy with foliage, the birds, except at dawn and dusk, hide in the woods, the moon rises gold, and at practically any time of day or night lightning may flash and thunder roll like war drums. It's hot in August, here, and humid; but by nightfall, when the whippoorwill speaks, it's cool.

When you read this, the year will be moving into this lazy month, dust will rise from the country roads, beaches will be black with people, cars will race past filled with holiday-seekers—and we shall have moved from our home to another.

We found it shortly after I last wrote of sorrow and hope. We had looked in every direction, we had seen innumerable houses. Many had delightful features; some were utterly impossible; none was right. We saw one old house which appealed to us. It was five miles from a railroad station, which was a drawback; also, the price was too high. In a moment of madness we made an

offer for it, came home to brood about it, and to awaken to the fact that there was no place, the way the house was arranged, in which I could have a workroom, not even a bedroom-turned-study, for there was no bedroom to spare. However, the offer was refused, much to our relief.

The house we found is three miles from the one we leave. It is even more accessible to mundane things like railway stations, yet stands, a little high, above a quiet country road. Built in 1808, it has the look of solidity, of generations, never achieved by the most beautiful modern house in the world. There are three chimneys, which puzzles me . . . for of fireplaces, only two. The floors are hand-pegged, the color of dark honey. There's an old, high-vaulted barn, a tiny, tumbledown playhouse, and six wild acres, which have been, of late, neglected. From within the house, and the knoll on which it stands, there's a glimpse of the distant Sound. On clear days, the Long Island shore floats into view like a mirage. The land back of the house slopes downward, punctuated with an-

cient apple trees, with willows, dogwood, maple and pear. At the foot of the slope a brook travels through a triangle of woods, another flows into it, and together they dart underground to pop up into an irregular, small pool, which a former owner dug out, and partly ledged. When the rains come the water is channeled off between and over stones, emptying into a stretch of woods.

EVERYTHING native to the home we left is here: the trees, the bushes . . . there are in fact older, taller trees and a few we never had, including a mammoth mulberry. Storms have cut it down, they tell me, to a third its spread but now from the great trunks the branches rise fan-shaped and the berries attract a multitude of birds. There are also two small mulberries, and once we have rescued them from parasite vines there'll be a white spring parade of dogwoods along a stone wall boundary—a dozen of them.

Lilacs, white and purple, in the spring, carpets of violets, regiments of jacks-in-the-pulpit along one brook, a spate of berry bushes, including the blueberry. Old (Continued on page 60)

ILLUSTRATOR: MITCHELL HOOKS

A First Class Mistake

By MYLES D. BLANCHARD

ILLUSTRATOR: ISABEL DAWSON

OLD DOC GUNNERSON read the letter and laid it down on the desk before him. He leaned back in his swivel chair and closed his eyes. He was tired, terribly tired and this message hadn't helped matters any. He'd counted so much on young Doctor Miller coming up to take things over. When Miller had visited Farmington and looked the field over, he'd practically given his word that on his discharge from the Navy he'd assume Doc Gunnerson's practice and let the old man retire—for good this time.

Perhaps the old man had counted too much on this, because for the past few weeks he'd been picturing a bed as something to sleep the night through on rather than something one got out of in the middle of the night when the phone rang. But he guessed now that it was all off. At least the letter was fairly plain. It said:

DEAR DOCTOR GUNNERSON:

As I explained when I was in Farmington, there was only one hitch that could block my plan of taking over your practice. Unfortunately that hitch has developed and it is now apparent that the plan cannot go through. Naturally I regret this, but there isn't much I can do about it and so I shall have to hope that you soon find a younger man who can take over and allow you to get the rest you so sorely need. You have truly been a hero as much as anybody who wears decorations.

Regretfully,

ROBERT MILLER

The old doctor, his eyes still closed, considered the matter. The facts were few: Miller wanted to come, but some unknown factor interfered. What could this unknown factor possibly be? He opened his eyes. Strange he hadn't thought of it before. The hitch that had developed in Doctor Miller's plans was a woman! Doc Gunnerson was ashamed of himself. Ordinarily he would have thought of that much

sooner. He must be older than he thought he was to have missed it up until now. But now that he had satisfied himself as to the cause of Miller's change of mind, what was he going to do about it? Especially since the woman in the case was not known to him. He closed his eyes again and scratched his head. He'd discovered long before that scratching his head was a definite help in solving any problem. For a long time he just sat there and thought. Then he smiled. He got Phoebe Hall, the telephone operator, on the phone.

"Phoebe, I want you to get hold of a private detective agency in Boston for me," he said.

He heard Phoebe gasp. "A what, Doctor?"

"You heard me all right, Phoebe. A private detective agency—a good one." He cradled the receiver. There was no use in going into details with Phoebe. She'd listen in anyway.

For fifteen minutes he waited and then the phone rang. It seemed that a Mr. Wilder was on the other end. The old man explained. "What I want, Mr. Wilder, is the name of the woman who goes around with a young doctor named Robert Miller." He gave Mr. Wilder Doctor Miller's address. "All I want is her name and address and I'd like it as soon as I can get it."

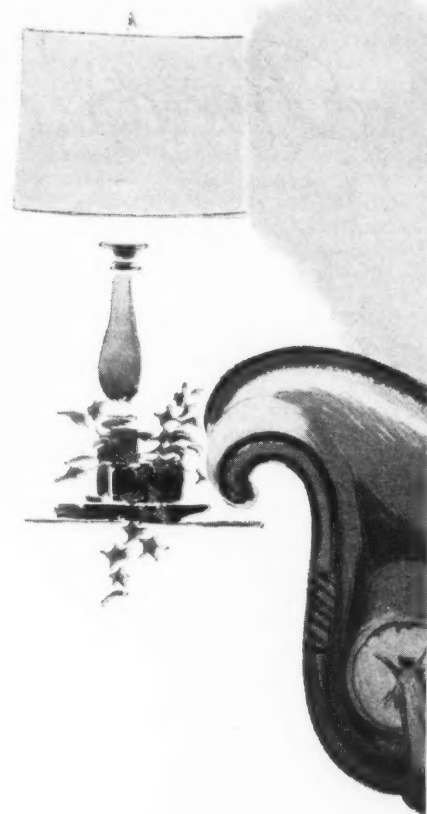
THAT DONE, Doc Gunnerson shrugged his shoulders, picked up his bag and started on his daily round of Farmington's sick. He wasn't certain what his next step would be but he'd meet the situation when it came to him. In the meantime Sam Whiting's infected foot needed attention, also Mrs. Peters' arthritis. There were a lot of things to do.

It was fully a week before the old doctor's eyes lighted up at an envelope that Susan Harley, his housekeeper,

had placed on his desk. Hastily he slit the seal and read. The information was brief. Doctor Robert Miller was going around with a Patricia Wells, and her address was given. There was also a bill for services rendered. Doc Gunnerson's first move was to make out a check to the Wilder Detective Agency. It was money well spent.

The old doctor had trouble in locating the Back Bay address which he was carrying in his hand. He'd never been able to find his way around Boston any too well and these apartments all looked alike to him. But at last he located the right one and now he was pushing the button over which the name of Patricia Wells appeared.

He waited. When a click on the door sounded he pushed his way into the building. He wasn't certain what he was supposed to do now but he climbed the stairs that confronted him. After he had climbed three sets of



Just as Doc Gunnerson's hopes vanished, the girl turned. "How soon should I be there?" she asked.

them a voice greeted him. "You are looking for me?"

A young woman was framed in a doorway. She was smiling and he was reassured.

"You are Patricia Wells?"

"Yes . . ."

"My name is Gunnerson . . ."

He watched her face but he wasn't certain she recognized the name. At least she gave no evidence that she did.

"Won't you come in?"

He accepted the invitation. He dismissed the tasteful appointment of the room and centered his gaze on a nurse's uniform that was neatly placed on the day bed. He was satisfied. Now he took stock of the young woman. He was satisfied with her, too. For one thing she was pretty. Her hair was jet black and her skin clear and firm. A good sign, he told himself. Weight about 115, he guessed, and intelligent looking. Everything all right so far.

"You are Doctor Gunnerson of Farm-

ington, I take it," Patricia Wells said. The old man jumped as if he had been shot at.

"Why . . . yes."

The girl smiled pleasantly. "I've heard Bob speak of you so often I feel that I know you."

Bob? He came to himself. "Yes—that is, how is Doctor Miller?"

"Oh, he's fine. Will you have a cup of coffee?"

IT WAS too near to lunchtime but perhaps it would be better to discuss his business over some coffee. He

agreed. While she was making it, he looked the room over again. There were good books, a couple of appropriate paintings and all in all everything spoke of taste and refinement. Soon the girl was back from the tiny kitchen. "Now, Doctor, you haven't come here for nothing. What's on your mind?"

Direct, she was, the old man thought. As a matter of fact her ability in that line unarmed him. Drat it all, what had he planned to say to this girl, anyway? Hadn't he had some sort of a scheme in his mind? Hadn't he spent

(Continued on page 30)



State of the Church

CHRISTIAN HERALD'S ANNUAL REPORT ON CHURCH MEMBERSHIP IN THE U. S. A.

AN ARMY that in these parlous times picks up enough recruits during the space of a year to give it a net gain of nearly 3 million is doing decidedly all right for itself. In these United States, the mighty army that is the church of God has done exactly that, as of the close of 1950.

During 1950 churches of all faiths in continental United States (to which this statistical study is limited) reported a total net gain of 2,950,987, bringing the membership grand total to 85,705,280—an unparalleled 55.9 per cent of the entire stateside U. S. population. (See tables on page 28.)

While church rolls were bulging at the seams, the population of the country was also climbing. A comparison of the two is the acid test. In the face of an expanding population, did the churches hold their ground? The answer is a decided Yes! While the population was increasing by 1.67 per cent, church membership chalked up a 3.56 per cent growth. (U.S. Census Bureau estimates give January 1, 1950 population as 150,563,000; January 1, 1951 figure as 153,085,000.)

Since the U.S. death rate amounts to nearly 1 per cent, churches during 1950 had to win more than 800,000 new members merely to keep up with the year before. To achieve this year's reported net gain, religion actually had to win almost 4 million recruits.

While the number of members was increasing, so was the number of congregations to accommodate them. There were in 1950 an all-time high of 278,479 congregations of worshipers. This represented a net increase of 3,214, a little better than half of the figure for the previous year. This would seem to indicate that 1950's religious gain in numerical health comes not so much from new congregations as from the strengthening of existing congregations.

Such is the overall picture—one that churches may contemplate with quiet satisfaction while not letting it go to their heads. There was no spectacular

turning to religion, no spiritual upheaval. Religion fought for every foot of gain; there were no easy, sweeping advances. But there was a continuation of the even growth that has marked religion in America for the last 50 years. It was the individual church, pastor and layworker doing a faithful job who would seem to deserve the credit. That is the story from this half-century vantage point.

In 1900 organized religious bodies in America claimed the allegiance of only 34.7 per cent of the population. Today 55.9 per cent of our people are on church rolls.

Religion's 50-year proportionate gain (more than 20 percentage points) is hardly the record of a land peopled by crass materialists! However nostalgically some church patriarchs long for the good old days when people "went to church" and knew the difference between Jeroboam and Rehoboam, the statistics prove that we as a nation are more interested in religion now than we were in 1900. Furthermore, if we keep on at the steadily increasing pace we have set these first 50 memorable years, by the time the century ends three-fourths of the population will be in the religious camp.

SUCH are the conclusions pointed up by CHRISTIAN HERALD's annual report on the state of the Church for 1950, based on a poll of 221 Protestant and 32 non-Protestant religious bodies. Every year we spend months at the job of assembling figures—furnished by official statisticians of the churches themselves—checking and re-checking, comparing them with figures of other years, analyzing them for their significance. It is the only comprehensive survey regularly made of church strength in the United States.

A breakdown of the 85,705,280 persons who are members of America's churches shows that 50,083,868 are Protestants, giving them a net gain of 1,409,045 or 2.89 per cent over the year before.

Roman Catholics make up 28,470,092 of the total, for a gain of 859,784 over their figure "as of the end of 1949," taken from the 1950 Official Catholic Guide. Although numerically the Roman Catholic gain was not as large as that of Protestants, Roman Catholics made a slightly more substantial advance percentagewise, 3.1 per cent during the year.

Jewish congregations have prepared no new statistics and their figure stands at an unchanged 5,000,000. The Greek Orthodox faith has brought in its first report since 1947, boosting its current membership to a round 1,000,000. Other non-Protestant bodies make up the balance of America's religious strength.

The major faiths continue in about the same proportion to each other. Protestants are still well in the lead, with 58.5 per cent of all church members. Roman Catholics claim 33.2 per cent of the total, while Jewish congregations account for 5.8 per cent. Other groups make up the remaining 2.5.

COMPARING the membership of the major faiths with the country's population as a whole, it is roughly accurate to say that in 1950, 1 out of 3 persons (actually 32.7 per cent) in the United States was a Protestant; 1 out of 5 (18.6 per cent) was a Catholic; and 1 out of 20 (4.6 per cent) was Jewish or a member of some other non-Protestant fellowship.

We would, however, have a truer picture of comparative strengths if all faiths used one statistical yardstick. Roman Catholics, for example, count as members of their church all baptized persons, from infants up. Most Protestant churches count only those who have come into full membership—that is, adults only, or from the age of around 13 (with the exception of most Lutheran denominations: i.e., the Missouri Synod includes in its current statistics 543,726 children for a total membership figure of 1,674,901; the Latter Day Saints; and certain other religious fellowships such as the Hutterites and the General Conference of the Mennonite Church of N. A.).

If a more accurate comparison were to be made, therefore, either approximately 25 per cent should be deducted from the Catholic figure, or at least 20 per cent added to the Protestant figure.

Also weighting a true comparison is the custom of the Roman Catholic Church of never dropping anyone from its membership rolls, except in rare instances. "Once a Catholic, always a Catholic." Many Protestant churches make at least a gesture toward periodically bringing church rolls up to date, but most of them would also have to

plead guilty in some degree to carrying "non-resident members" who either are active in some other community or have given up church interests altogether.

Of the 3,214 gain in congregations, the overwhelming majority were in the Protestant column. Roman Catholics ended the year with a reported 319 more parishes than they had the previous year, an increase from 15,112 to 15,431.

A favorite whipping boy of editorialists is the outsize quantity of Protestant denominations. But 1950's figures again prove that Protestantism's main strength lies in a baker's dozen of major religious bodies. The top 13 denominations, each having more than a million members, comprise 76 per cent of the total. There are 38 Protestant denominations with more than 100,000 members each, and these account for 95 per cent of the membership of the entire 221 denominations.

The 11 top Protestant denominations alone—with a total membership of 36,000,256 are better than equal to the 32 non-Protestant denominations polled, which, including the Roman Catholic Church and Jewish congregations, have a total membership of 35,621,412. The 7 largest Protestant denominations by themselves (29,806,187 members) have a combined strength greater than that of the entire Roman Catholic Church (28,470,092).

As to be expected, most of the large Protestant numerical gains came from the bigger denominations. Again the Southern Baptists led, by an increase of 318,624. With their emphasis on evangelism through simultaneous sectional crusades, the Southern Baptists are not only the fastest growing denomination in the United States, but within ten years may well be our largest religious fellowship.

The Methodist Church, America's largest denomination, came up with a net gain of 143,078. Third largest increase was made by the African Methodist Episcopal Church, which grew by 100,000, almost 10 per cent. Churches of Christ made a sizable gain of 88,800. The National Baptist Convention, U.S.A. increased by 60,399. The Protestant Episcopal Church was 48,330 ahead of last year, and the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., 46,747. Several of the Lutheran denominations made generous strides, but their figures cover a 2-year period.

Although the larger churches accounted for a lion's share of the increase numerically, churches with memberships of under 10,000 were growing proportionately faster, 1950's statistics show. Churches with mem-

berships of 50,000 and above gained 2.8 per cent; those with 10,000 to 50,000 gained 1 per cent; those with under 10,000, 8 per cent. For this year, at least, it would seem that the smallest churches were doing the best job of evangelism.

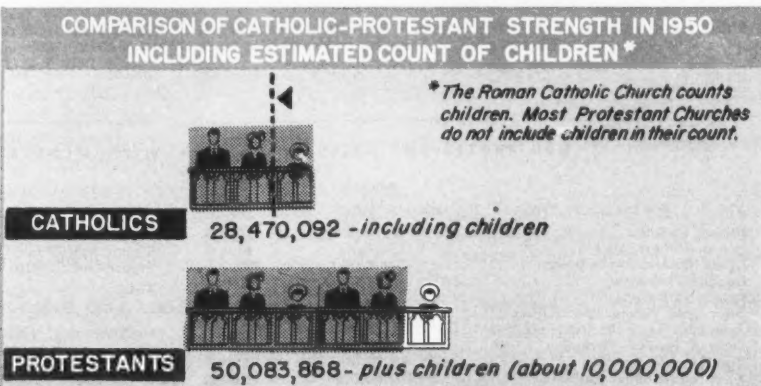
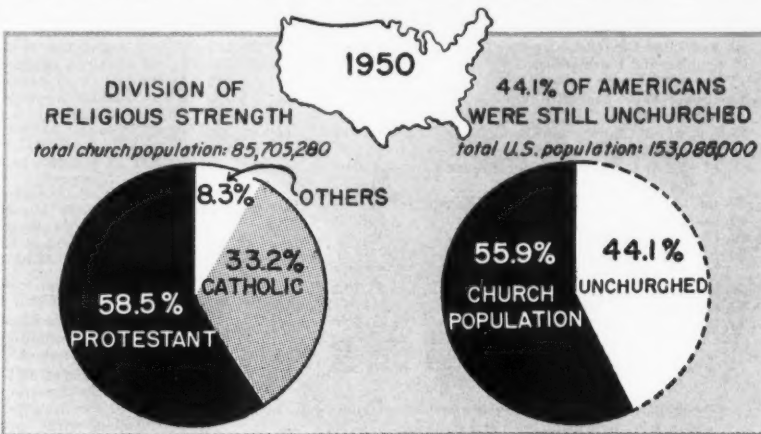
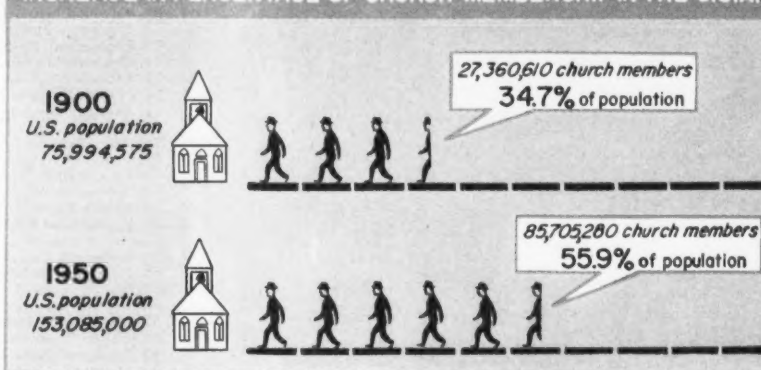
Deadline for the survey was June 1. This year in an attempt to include the very latest figures, we delayed publication of the report by one month, even at the risk of losing our "scoop." Still some churches have been tardy in submitting their statistics. Where new

figures were not available, we have had to use those of 1949 or earlier.

But all in all, it has been a good year! Religion is on its way. Now that churchmembers have had an opportunity to stand back and gauge their progress—a privilege that rarely comes to the average army—they can go back into the fray with new assurance and zeal.

There is a lot for organized religion to do. Having looked at the statistical story, we'd say the churches are equal to their task!

INCREASE IN PERCENTAGE OF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP IN THE U.S.A.



CHARTS by IDA SCHEIB

CHRISTIAN HERALD'S ANNUAL REPORT ON CHURCH MEMBERSHIP IN THE U.S.A.

PROTESTANT CHURCHES WITH MEMBERSHIPS ABOVE 50,000

	Members 1950	Members 1949
1. Methodist	8,935,647	8,792,569
2. Southern Baptist	7,079,889	6,761,265
3. Natl. Bapt. Conv. USA	4,445,605 (h)	4,385,206
4. Natl. Bapt. Conv. of America	2,595,789	2,594,521
5. Presbyterian (USA)	2,448,596	2,401,849
6. Protestant Episcopal	2,346,319	2,297,989
7. United Lutheran	1,954,342 (g)	1,814,172
8. Disciples of Christ	1,767,964	1,738,605
9. Lutheran—Missouri Synod	1,674,901 (h)	1,569,364
10. Am. Bapt. Conv. (formerly Northern) *	1,561,073 (h)	1,583,360
11. Congregational Christian	1,190,131	1,184,661
12. African Meth. Epis.	1,166,301	1,066,301
13. Latter Day Saints	1,005,346	980,347
14. Churches of Christ	903,000	814,200
15. Evangelical Lutheran	825,466 (h)	757,352
16. Evangelical & Reformed	726,361 (g)	714,583
17. Evan. United Brethren	717,531	711,537
18. American Lutheran	715,640	692,567
19. Presbyterian (US)	702,210	653,594
20. African M. E. Zion	588,000	520,175
21. Augustana Evan. Luth.	454,742	439,231
22. Colored M. E.	381,000 (f)	381,000
23. Church of God in Christ	316,705 (h)	340,530
24. Assemblies of God	318,478	275,000
25. Evan. Luth. Joint Synod of Wisc. and Other States	307,216 (h)	297,922
26. Natl. Assoc. Free Will Baptists	255,127 (g)	255,127
27. American Baptist Assoc.	240,315	313,817
28. Seventh Day Adventists	237,168	229,945
29. Church of the Nazarene	226,684	220,042
30. Salvation Army	227,008 (h)	215,094
31. United Presbyterian (NA)	213,810	213,810
32. Church of the Brethren	186,201	185,088
33. Reformed Church in America	183,178	179,085
34. Christian Reformed	154,950	142,818
35. Latter Day Saints (Reorganized)	124,925	121,745
36. Church of God (Cleveland)	124,372	106,490
37. Societies of Friends	112,805	113,013
38. Church of God (Anderson)	107,094	105,022
39. Gen. Assoc. Regular Bapt.	94,822	85,000
40. Federated Churches	88,411 (a)	88,411
41. Cumberland Presbyterian	80,140	80,236
42. Amer. Unitarian Assoc.	75,389 (h)	74,447
43. United Amer. Free Will Bapt.	75,000 (d)	75,000
44. Primitive Bapt.	69,157 (a)	69,157
45. Ind. Fund. Churches of America	65,000 (f)	65,000
46. Universalist Church of America	64,245	62,927
(Pentecostal Church of God of Amer.) (see other table)		60,000
47. Int. Church of the Four Square Gospel	59,984	59,897
48. Lutheran Free	59,860 (f)	54,608
49. Mennonite Church	58,330	56,746
50. Natl. Bapt. Evan. Life and Soul Sav. Assen. USA	56,934	56,934
51. Evan. Mission Covenant of America	51,264 (h)	51,009
52. Church of Christ, Scientist	***	***
53. Free Methodist Church of America	50,177 (see other table)	
TOTALS	48,470,602	47,108,368

* "Apparent decreases in comparison with previous year are due to changes in methods of statistical reporting."

** "The figures for the previous year contained membership in foreign fields."

*** A prohibition in this church's manual forbids "the numbering of people and the reporting of such statistics for publication."

(a) 1936 (b) 1942 (d) 1944 (f) 1946 (g) 1947 (h) 1948

PROTESTANT CHURCHES WITH MEMBERSHIPS OF 10,000 TO 50,000

	Members 1950	Members 1949
(Free Methodist of Amer.)	(see other table)	49,104
54. Pentecostal Church of God of Amer.	* 48,000 (see other table)	
55. Moravian Church in Amer.	47,706 (h)	46,327
56. United Evan. Lutheran	46,001	46,442
57. Christian & Missionary Alliance	45,348	45,348
58. The Church of God	44,388	44,388
59. Colored Primitive Bapt.	43,897 (a)	43,897
60. Bapt. Gen. Conf. of Amer.	43,519	
61. Natl. David Spiritual Temple of Christ Church Union	40,565	40,565
62. Independent Churches	40,275	(a) 40,275
63. General Baptists	39,600 (b)	39,600
64. N. A. Bapt. Gen. Conf.	36,975	40,785
65. Gen. Conf. Mennonite of N. A.	35,158 (g)	34,460
66. Churches of God in N. A. (General Eldership)	35,044	33,831
67. Church of God-Saints of Christ	34,610	34,610
68. Advent Christian	33,063	31,413
69. Wesleyan Methodist	32,479	34,202
70. Pentecostal Holiness	30,154 (h)	30,154
71. Colored Cumberland Presbyterian	30,000 (d)	30,000
72. Finnish Evan. Luth. (Suomi Synod)	29,606	29,001
73. Pilgrim Holiness	28,901	29,504
74. Evangelical Congregational	27,093	27,093
75. United Baptists	27,000 (a)	27,000
76. Assoc. Reformed Presbyterian	26,534 (a)	25,779
77. Plymouth Brethren	25,806	25,806
78. United Holy Church of Amer.	25,000 (d)	25,000
79. Volunteers of America	24,250	23,500
80. Slovak Evan. Lutheran	21,010 (h)	21,112
81. Evangelical Free Church	* 21,000	22,033
82. Old Mennonite	20,818	20,489
83. Reformed Zion Union Apostolic	20,000 (h)	20,000
84. Calvary Pentecostal	20,000 (d)	20,000
85. Danish Evan. Lutheran in Amer.	19,404	19,048
86. United Brethren in Christ	19,366	18,167
87. Christian Church of N. A.	19,186	22,000
88. United Pentecostal	19,136	19,136
89. Brethren (Natl. Fellowship)	18,451	18,451
90. Mennonite Brethren in N. A.	18,410 (g)	18,410
91. Brethren (Ashland)	18,403	18,443
92. Regular Baptists	17,186 (a)	17,186
93. Triumph the Church and Kingdom of God in Christ	15,500 (g)	15,500
94. Christian Union	15,400 (a)	15,400
95. Old Order Amish Mennonite	14,524	14,364
96. Finnish Apostolic Lutheran	14,511 (e)	14,511
97. Independent Negro	12,337 (a)	12,337
98. Primitive Methodist	11,963 (h)	11,963
99. Congregational Methodist	11,187	11,187
100. United Missionary Church (formerly Mennonite Brethren in Christ)	10,716	10,776
Evan. Lutheran Synod (Negro Missions)	***	15,001
Orthodox Presbyterian	***	13,928
Total, Protestant bodies 10,000 and above, 1949		1,267,076
101. Norwegian Synod of the Amer. Evan. Lutheran	10,360	(9,587)
Total, Protestant bodies 10,000 and over	1,289,840	1,267,076
Total, Protestant bodies 50,000 and over	48,470,602	47,108,368
Total, Protestant bodies not tab. here	323,426	299,379
TOTAL PROTESTANT BODIES	50,083,868	48,674,823
Total non-Protestant bodies over 10,000	\$35,568,239 †	34,026,455
Total non-Protestant bodies not tab. here	53,173	53,015

GRAND TOTAL, ALL U. S. RELIGIOUS BODIES

85,705,280 † 82,754,293
* "No actual loss—inaccurate church reporting previously." **Evan. Free Church of Amer. (12,000) and Evan. Free Church Assoc. (10,003) joined June 1950 to form Evan. Free Church. ***Not tabulated here—under 10,000. † See table below. ‡ Corrected from last year.

(a) 1936 (b) 1942 (d) 1944 (e) 1945 (g) 1947 (h) 1948

NON-PROTESTANT RELIGIOUS BODIES WITH MEMBERSHIPS OVER 10,000

	Members 1950	Members 1949		Members 1950	Members 1949
Roman Catholic	28,470,092	* 27,610,308	Ukrainian Orthodox of Amer.	39,500	(e) 39,500
Jewish Congregations	5,000,000	5,000,000	Syrian Antiochian Orthodox	20,300	(b) 20,300
Greek Orthodox (Hellenic)	1,000,000 (g)	300,000	Progressive Spiritualists	11,347	(a) 11,347
Russian Orthodox	300,000 (b)	300,000	Totals	35,568,239	* 34,026,455
Polish Natl. Catholic	250,000 (d)	250,000	All Other Non-Protestant Bodies	53,173	53,015
Inter. Gen. Assen. Spiritualists	157,000	157,000	TOTALS	35,621,412	* 34,079,470
Armenian Apostolic Orthodox	110,000 (h)	110,000			
Serbian Eastern Orthodox	80,000	80,000			
Buddhists of America	70,000 (b)	70,000			
N. A. Old Roman Catholic	60,000	78,000			

* Revised figure as of "end of 1949."

(a) 1936 (b) 1942 (d) 1944 (e) 1945 (h) 1948

FATHER OF THE

"Little Jetts"

Highly versatile, he is an artist, author, philosopher, pastor and fisherman of note. Here's how he manages all these things . . .

By

HARRY G. SANDSTROM

YOU'VE probably seen these little squiggly, ant-like figures before. They are now used regularly in the *Sunday School Times* and were first employed to illustrate portions of the Bible. So economical are they in the use of line and detail that all those latter cartoons were possibly done in not much more time than it takes *HERALD* artist Zingaro to turn out *one* of his polished biblical illustrations. Though they are, to understate it, sketchy, they do tell a story in a droll and appealing manner.

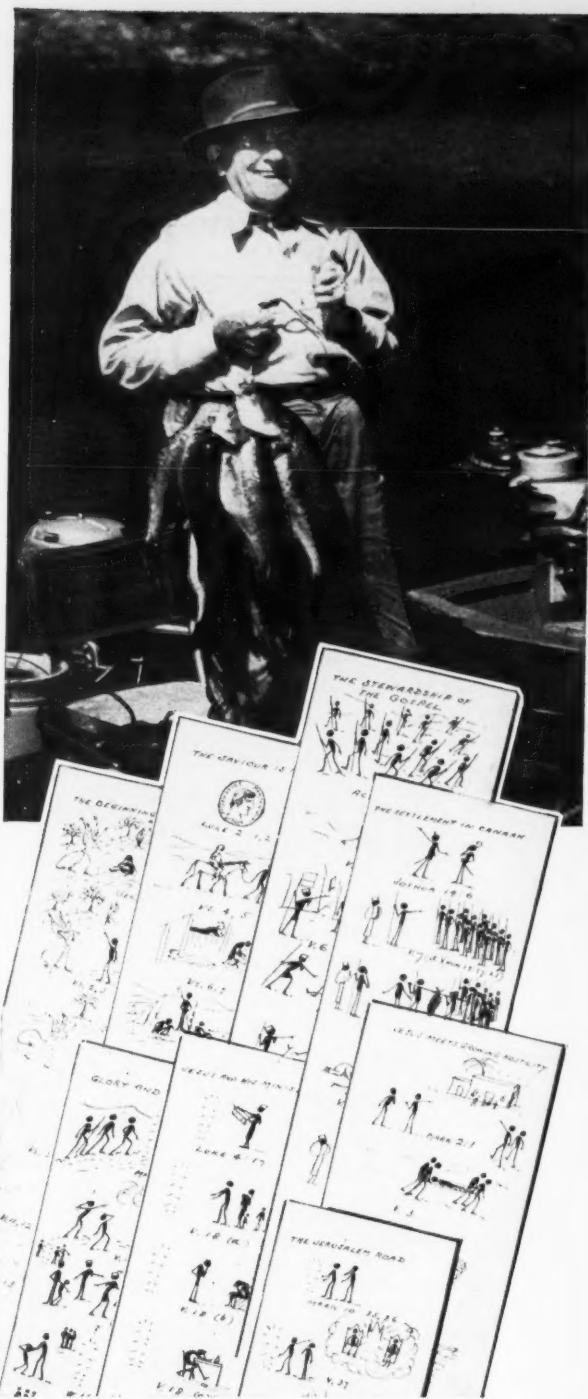
They are called "Little Jetts." Seems that the printer phoned the artist when the first book was about to go to press, "You'll have to give us a title, you know." "Why, I hadn't thought of that," said the artist. "Let's see. They are drawn in jet black ink; suppose we call them 'Little Jett Blacks.'" Said the printer: "Too long. Leave off the 'Blacks.' Call them 'Little Jetts.'" "Suits me," said the artist.

They are the work of indefatigable Rev. Wade Cothran Smith and constitute one of his minor, if intriguing, contributions to Kingdom work.

It was while he was editor of Southern Presbyterian Church's *Missionary Survey* at Richmond, Va., that the little cartoon figures came into being. A Sunday-school superintendent, he would tell his children Bible stories. Now he had a talent for drawing and you will have noticed that no artist can describe anything without whipping out a pencil and reaching for the nearest sheet of paper, or whatever. Thus Mr. Smith, who pulled out his fountain pen, made a dozen quick strokes and there was Abraham about to sacrifice his son. There, too, was the first Little Jett.

The *Sunday School Times* has used them continuously for thirty-five years. Then there was that "Little Jetts Bible" which has had a world-wide sale, and more recently Mr. Smith used his squiggly characters to make John Bunyan's great, but ponderous, Christian classic crystal clear in "Pilgrim's Progress Rewritten in Simple Language." Aware of the inevitable drollness of his figures, Mr. Smith never attempts to cartoon the person of Christ; He is suggested by a sort of emanation.

Now 82, blue-eyed, clean-shaven, big-jawed and vigorous, Mr. Smith, pastor, fisherman, artist, philosopher, writer and former businessman, has had one of those proverbial checkered careers. Not ordained a minister until he was 52, right now Mr. Smith is up to his ears in the biggest job



Rev. Wade C. Smith, fisherman and artist, draws the Jetts.

of his life—raising funds for a church building for an, at present, church-less congregation in fabulous Fontana Village, a paradisiacal vacation resort high in the Great Smokies of North Carolina.

It was a circuitous route that led Mr. Smith, at a decade beyond his allotted three-score-and-ten, to the Great Smokies and his biggest job. Born on a Georgia farm—the oldest of seven children—he had none of the usual idyllic farm-boy life, with lazy

(Continued on page 64)

A FIRST-CLASS MISTAKE

(Continued from page 25)

a sleepless night framing a plot to get her support for Doctor Miller's going to Farmington? And yet now that he was faced with the situation he was speechless. He felt the perspiration standing out on his forehead.

"Well—I suppose it's hopeless, but knowing how overworked you city nurses are I wondered if there was a possible chance of your coming up to Farmington for a couple of months and spending them helping me. I can give you fresh milk, good meat and . . . cream!" He smiled proudly at the last promise. "And a salary, too."



The Un-Balanced Diet

EVERY committee appointed to plan refreshments for church socials should be required to take a course in human anatomy before serving. Not counting professional jugglers and contortionists, no group of individuals can show such talent as the refreshment committee for putting a strain on the physical limitations of the human machine. Normally this strain is imposed not by the refreshments themselves but by the battery of food holders into which these refreshments are dropped.

Nearly everyone knows that to each human shoulder there is attached one arm. Two shoulders come as standard equipment; consequently there are only two arms per person. Yet, only now and then does one find a refreshment committee which appears to be interested in this statistic.

To visualize the typical dilemma of the two-armed person during the typical refreshment hour, let's follow a typical hungry man around the food counter:

Here's a plate. Thanks. I'll have some of that and that and that and that. *Coffee?* Thanks. Left-hand, please. *Careful! It's hot!* Got a saucer? *All out.* We're using these soup bowls. Thanks. Where's the sugar? *Right here. Help yourself.* Can't. Both hands loaded. How about giving me two lumps?

Thanks. *Cream?* Yes. No! I'll come back.

Don't you want any celery? Okay, put a stalk behind my ear. Thanks. *Here's your pie.* Can't carry it. *Don't be silly! What's wrong with the top of your head?* Thanks.

Goodness me! You forgot your silver! Better that I should use my fingers maybe. *Don't be crude. I'll put it right here behind your belt.* Thanks. Stick a napkin under my chin too. Thanks. *Want a mint patty?* Sure, put it between my teeth. Nyanks. *Nuts?* Plumpf, ppf . . . ppt!

We shan't follow the poor man to his chair. He has at least a fifty-fifty chance of making it; that is, if he doesn't meet some extroverted friend who will want to shake hands.

Of all Mother Nature's children only the octopus is equipped to handle with grace and assurance the confusing acrobatics of the lap lunch. Man unaided is not up to it. The king-size tray isn't the answer; it helps only those who love the thrills and spills of the teeter-board. The problem is one for the scientists.

Meantime, let us remind refreshment committees everywhere that in their zeal to plan the balanced diet they have completely forgotten who has to do most of the balancing!

—DON FONTAINE

Then his hopes vanished. After all, this was the woman who was blocking young Doctor Miller from coming to Farmington: why should he expect that she would go herself?

The girl walked over to the window and gazed out at the white clouds floating over Boston. How silly he'd acted, the old man thought.

Then Patricia Wells turned. "How soon should I be there?" she asked.

Old Doc Gunnerson stared at her. "You mean . . ." He caught himself. "Why . . . any time. Say within a couple of days?"

"Could I return with you?"

He was speechless. "Why . . . certainly, except that I plan to go this afternoon."

"I'll meet you at the station," the girl said slowly.

OLD DOC GUNNERSON knew that all Farmington was talking about his acquisition. Phoebe Hall, the telephone operator, had called him, to start with. "Glad you've got help in your office, Doc," she had said. "And such nice looking help, too."

But if the whole town of Farmington was interested in the nurse who was helping out Doc Gunnerson, the old man himself was far more interested in the way Patricia Wells had taken hold of her work. He almost wished he were twenty years younger so he could keep on doctoring. With the kind of help this girl was giving things could move like clock-work.

But the old man was wise. Never once during the first month did he make any mention of young Doctor Miller. That the two were corresponding he knew because he could see the letters that kept coming to her. Amazed as he had been that Patricia Wells had accepted his invitation to spend a couple of months with him, he was now uncertain as to what steps he should take to convert this young woman to the idea that young Miller had a future in Farmington. He was well aware of how young nurses, wanting to marry young doctors, felt that all the opportunities lay in the large cities. And for the life of him he had no ideas on the subject of how he could make Patricia Wells see this mistake. And so, because he didn't know what to say, he complimented himself on having brains enough at least to say nothing.

It was after five weeks of this sort of thing that his nurse asked for the afternoon off. She was having Wednesdays off, but this was Friday. "Something special?" old Doc inquired.

"Bob is coming in on the afternoon train. I'd like to meet him."

"Bob?" He was taken aback. "Oh,

CHRISTIAN HERALD

... certainly. Where is he staying?"

"At the inn."

"Good." Ordinarily he would have been delighted to have offered his own roof as a shelter but somehow he thought it was taking unfair advantage of the situation. He hoped that young Miller would at least drop around and see him while he was in town. And he did not hope in vain. That night the young doctor and Patricia were visitors in his office.

"Glad to see you, young man," Doc Gunnerson began nervously.

The young man grinned. "You expected me, didn't you?"

Again the old man was without words. "Well . . . that is . . ."

"You got my girl up here. You didn't expect I could stay down there long without seeing her, did you?"

"Well . . . now . . . that is . . ."

"Don't tease him, Bob," Patricia objected. "I came because I wanted to."

"What I don't understand is how you ever found out about Pat," Doctor Miller asked, raising one eyebrow.

But that was another thing that Doc Gunnerson wasn't talking about.

That night as he lay in his bed he remembered that in his youth he'd prayed. Maybe . . . just maybe . . . He closed his eyes. "Listen, Lord, I don't know how You do things and I'm not suggesting any methods, but if You have any idea on how to keep this young Miller up here and make him take over my work I wish You would start in. I'm tired, Lord. Dead tired." And then he dropped off to sleep. And he got a pretty good night's sleep that night, too. It wasn't until one o'clock in the morning that the bell beside his bed jangled him into consciousness.

He had trained himself to be fully awake in a matter of seconds.

"Yes?"

"This is Sam Felton up on the mountain road, Doc. My boy's awful sick and I gotta ask you to come up."

Sam Felton. And the mountain road had been washed out the week before. "What's he complaining of?" the old man asked.

"Pains in his stomach . . . all over his stomach. First he had pains in his right side, but now they're all over. I gave him some castor oil but that only made him worse."

Pain all over his stomach . . . castor oil! There was no question about it, the boy had a burst appendix. That meant immediate surgery. "I'll get there . . . but I've got to send for Doctor Swift in Butterfield. I'm not a surgeon, you know."

"Surgeon! You mean . . ."

The old man replaced the receiver. There was no time to lose. Slipping



DR. BOB COOK, Moody '30, is president of Youth for Christ International and associate pastor of Chicago's Midwest Bible Church. Experience with young people, gained through travel that has taken him to many parts of the world, well qualifies Dr. Bob to speak on the problems and training of modern youth.

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"What did I say?—what could I lose? Sure, I'd take him up on it!"

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into his dressing gown he made his way to Patricia Wells' room. Through the closed door he made known the situation. "Come to my office as soon as you can. We'll leave as soon as I can get hold of Doctor Swift."

By the time she had dressed and come downstairs to the office old Doc Gunnerson was sitting in front of the phone, his face pale. "Swift's in Boston. I'm no surgeon. That boy is doomed unless we can get that appendix out and the newest man is twenty miles away."

"Do you think Doctor Swift left his instruments in his office?"

He stared at her. "I wouldn't know. Why?"

"See if somebody will find out and bring them over here at once." Somehow she seemed to take charge of things from there on.

"But . . ."
"Just do as I say," she ordered. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

Old Doc Gunnerson got hold of Doctor Swift's wife and hurriedly explained what he needed. Yes, the doctor had left his instruments behind. Yes, she would bring them over to Farmington at once. Who was going to operate? Why . . . the connection was broken. Who *was* going to operate? And then the old man looked up to see young Doctor Miller standing in the doorway. Beside him was Patricia.

"Pat says something is wrong. She seems to think I can help."

The old man stared at the pair. "Maybe . . ." he answered grimly. "Maybe not." He got to his feet. "You've operated under bright lights, with everything that is modern at your fingertips. You could count on any number of scientific devices, should anything go wrong. But not tonight. If you do any surgery tonight you'll do it on a kitchen table under the light of a kerosene lamp. I have everything you'll need except skillful fingers and courage. I can't give you those things, Miller."

The young doctor straightened up. His look was firm, his jaw was set. "How soon can we leave?"

BY THE TIME they had to abandon the car, a steady rain had set in and for two miles the three of them sloshed through thick, heavy mud. Old Doc Gunnerson was nearly exhausted by the time they reached Sam Felton's, yet something within him, the old spirit that had driven him on year after year, didn't desert him. He was first on the doorstep.

It took the two doctors but a matter of minutes to confirm the elder physician's diagnosis. Calmly young Doctor Miller ordered Patricia to prepare for an operation and she pro-

ceeded as if she had been trained for years in the art of kitchen surgery. It seemed no time at all before things were ready.

Old Doc Gunnerson gave the anesthetic and watched the respiration. Once the operation was under way he watched the young man's fingers as they deftly performed the duties for which they had been trained. Only once did there seem to be any chance of a mishap and then the boy's pulse rallied. The old man knew that everything was going to be all right and his eyes twinkled above the mask. The young doctor saw them and his own twinkled back.

It was six in the morning when old Doc Gunnerson picked up his bag

Korea 1950-1951

Did many die? Oh, yes indeed!
And in an extra-dirty fray
Expended all they had to bleed
In just their regulation way,
Expounding with a straining hand
The faith that liberty should thrive
Not only in their "back-home land,"
But anywhere where men would strive
For principle of God's good right
To rule men's hearts—if so they wish.
And so they fought an honored fight,
And in the end met up with this:
Their battle now is over—done—
And only history may say
If what they fought for they had won.
They go henceforth a deathless way
And leave for future years to hear
In words forever battle-starred:
"Our enemies do well to fear—
The men that freedom breeds die hard!"
—L. P. H. Cheshire

and started to leave the house. Bob Miller saw him and halted him. "I'd like a word with Pat before you go, Doctor." The old man was surprised. "With Pat?" he repeated.

"It will only take a minute — I think."

Doc waited and while he waited he wondered. What on earth would Miller be wanting to say to Patricia Wells at a time like this?

It was only a minute before Miller was back.

"Doctor Gunnerson," the young surgeon said, "I'd like to reconsider. I'd like to take over your practice. You see—Patricia has agreed to marry me. That was what the hitch was—you understand."

Old Doc Gunnerson nodded and smiled. "I understand," he said.

A week later, after young Felton was out of danger, Patricia came into his office. Old Doc Gunnerson leaned back in his swivel chair, locked his hands behind his head. He grinned.

"You know," he said, "I'm just like a kid . . . bubbling over. Now that you and Bob are getting married I just can't keep my mouth shut."

"Meaning what, Doctor?" she asked.

He mused, "I don't suppose it will do any harm to tell you now."

"Certainly not."

"Well, when Bob said there was a hitch to his plans I knew it was a woman. Whenever there is a hitch to anything you want to look for a woman. I just figured some woman wouldn't come up here and share all this hardship with him so I decided to look that woman up. I hired a private detective to find who it was and then I went down and, by Jove, I snared you into coming up here. And then Bob follows you and now you're to be married." He stuck his thumbs in his vest holes. "I may be about through but I haven't lost my ability to know women."

"No? You're certain?"

He looked up at her. "What do you mean . . . am I certain?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I was just wondering."

"About what?"

"About how clever you thought you were."

"Well . . . ?"

"There was a woman, all right. And she was the hitch, too. But it wasn't me. The night your detective saw us together Bob had decided that he wouldn't see me any more and he was telling me so, in his lumbering way. And I wasn't certain what to do about it until you came along and offered me this work. Then I saw a chance to let Bob have his way. If he missed me after I was gone he would follow me here; if not, he would marry Estelle and settle down in Boston as she wanted him to do."

The old man sat still, never moving a muscle for a long time. "Well, I'll be . . ."

"Of course, you were half right . . . there was a woman in the case," she said comfortingly. "You needn't feel so badly about it."

The old man's face grew pale with anger. "I'm not feeling badly about that, but hang it all, I paid that Wilder, the detective, twenty-five dollars for finding the wrong woman." He slammed down his fist. "I should sue him, that's what I should do."

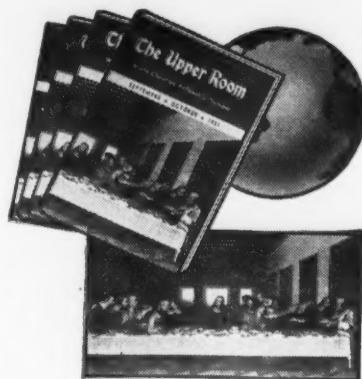
It was then that Patricia Wells went behind the old man's desk and kissed him. "Please don't, Doctor Gummerson."

The old man softened. He took out his checkbook and began to scribble. "You're right, Pat . . . absolutely right."

She looked at him curiously. "What are you doing, anyway?"

"Sending Wilder another twenty-five dollars," he said as he blotted his signature. "He ought to be ashamed charging so little for such a first-class mistake."

THE END



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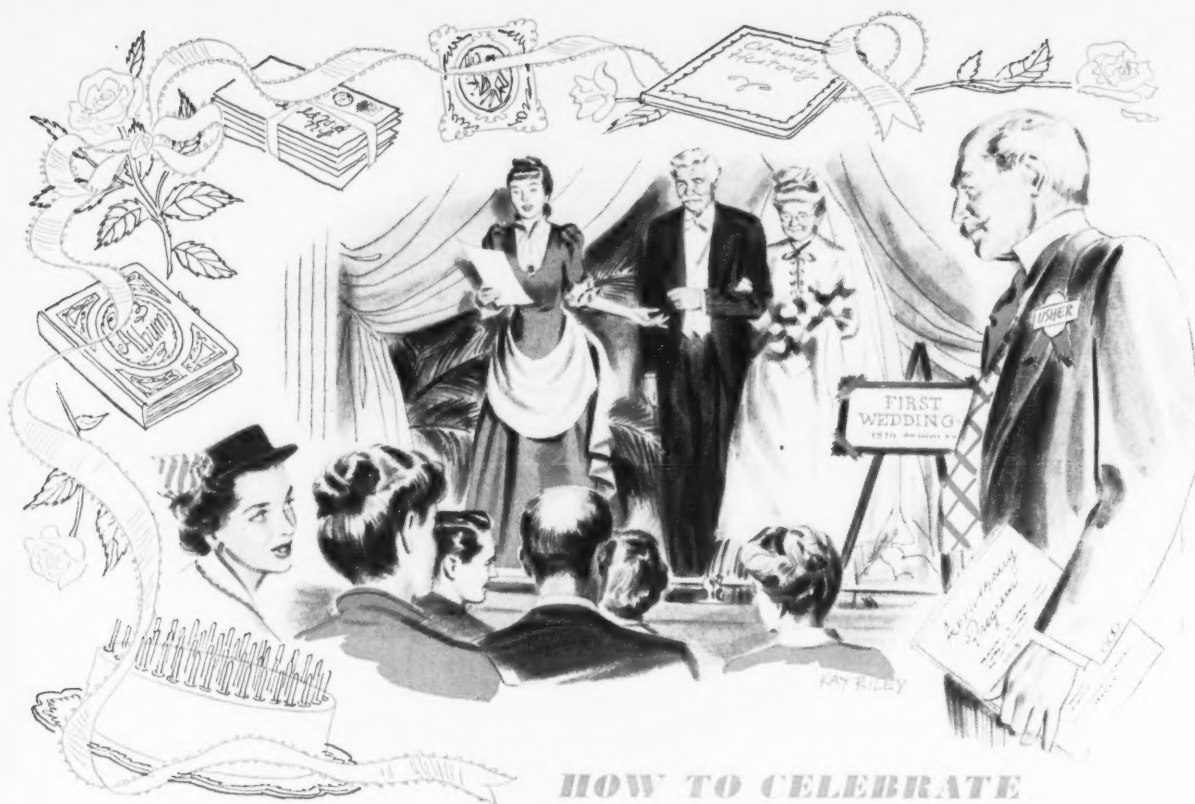
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HOW TO CELEBRATE *Your Church Anniversary*

WHEN church anniversaries occur, make them occasions to be remembered. Suddenly your church's 25th, 50th, 75th, or even 100th anniversary may be in the offing. Are you prepared for it with an abundance of ideas, or will you be groping for something appropriate? Here are possibilities you will want to consider:

1. Holding a reunion dinner and program.
2. Publishing a history of your church.
3. Giving an historical pageant.
4. Arranging an historical display.
5. Inviting former pastors to take part.
6. Inviting all former members to attend.

All these projects take time to be

successfully carried out. Funds may even have to be raised to finance them. So start planning well in advance. Organizing committees is the first task, of course. If you give specific individuals specific obligations, you will gain more effective results with less confusion. Committees you may find necessary are: historical research, program, decorations, supper, invitations, housing, pageant, historical display, music, welcoming, secretarial, and publicity.

Historical research is important, whether you plan to publish a history, present a pageant, or organize a display. Your committee should comb the community for every bit of information pertaining to your church. Interview old-timers, study church records and go through files of your local newspapers. Records in your town hall or county courthouse may also be helpful.

A reunion dinner is a good focal point for your celebration. Make a definite attempt to contact all members who have moved away and invite them to return for the occasion. Ar-

ranging for them to visit in the homes of some of your members may encourage more to make the journey.

Have a guest book with various headings, such as, "Baptized Here," "Married Here," "Attended Sunday School Here," "Attended Church Here" and let each homecomer register under the appropriate heading, giving the date. Give some recognition to those who list the oldest dates and those who have come the longest distance.

The invitations committee will also take care of inviting members of other churches and denominations to attend certain of the anniversary services.

IF YOUR church edifice is old, your anniversary may be the occasion for the public to come from miles around to see it. Arrange a display of everything you can collect pertaining to the church. Photographs of the various pastors, pictures of groups of members, pictures of the church taken years ago, pictures of famous persons who were churchmembers or attended there



should be included. Group together photographs of couples married in the church and of babies baptized. Original deeds and land grants, church programs of years gone by, pieces of the original building material, a bell once used, old-fashioned ministerial garments, will add to your collection.

With such a display you should also have a committee to serve as hostesses and guides. A hospitable gesture would be to hold open house on the exact date of the anniversary and serve tea and cookies to all visitors.

If your church has a bell, have it toll out the number of years your church is celebrating on the anniversary day. If you have chimes, play appropriate hymns during the day.

What several other churches have done recently may give you ideas. The Methodist Church of Cisco, Ill., (population 350), held an elaborate celebration last November in honor of its 75th anniversary. Approximately 600 former members and visitors from surrounding communities were drawn to the three special Sunday services. Former pastors and members spoke at the morning service, at the homecoming service, which followed a basket dinner, and at the evening service, of which the youth fellowship had charge.

AFAMILY fellowship supper featured the second evening of the celebration, and on the actual anniversary date the historical pageant brought the event to a close. A historical sketch of the church and announcement of its anniversary was published in the local newspaper, the space contributed by eight local merchants. The same history was published with interesting photographs of the two preceding edifices and parsonages along with the program of the pageant.

Mrs. Vera M. Root, church organist who wrote us about the celebration, planned, wrote, directed and accompanied the pageant. Entitled "The Story of Our Church," it was divided into six scenes, with 62 persons taking part.

A historical pageant was also presented at the 160th anniversary of Johnson's Methodist Church, Nassawadox, Virginia, where the Rev. Charles J. Bright, is minister. A special anniversary observance was held Sunday morning, at which many memorials were presented to the church in honor of the occasion. Then followed a fried chicken dinner, served buffet style in the educational building and on the lawn, at which more than 400 persons were guests. The afternoon program included the pageant, in two episodes, and a rededication to the church. Four of the men who took part in the pageant were great-grandsons

who, dressed in costumes of 160 years ago, impersonated their ancestors. A history of the church was included in the booklet which announced the anniversary program.

Out in Chinook, Montana, the First Presbyterian Church celebrated its 50th (golden) anniversary with an effective fellowship supper, followed by a well-planned program, which gave all churchmembers a deeper appreciation of their church and its founders. Old familiar hymns were played and sung by the first organist of the church, also a charter member, and her daughter,

who was a member of the first Sunday-school group. An elder of the church read articles from old editions of the local newspaper—accounts of the meetings leading up to the founding of the church, and names of those who took part in it, local items mentioning familiar names, weather reports, advertisements and prices of the day, which caused much merriment. Oldsters were reminded of things which had slipped their memories; younger folks gained a picture of times they'd never known.

Letters had been written to anyone

★ ★ "Feeding a Crowd" ★ ★

JUST in time for you to use in planning a reunion supper is a new large-quantity recipe booklet, "Feeding a Crowd" is designed especially for luncheon or dinner committees of churches and other organizations. It includes buying lists giving amounts of various foods needed to serve 50 persons. Each large-quantity recipe is accompanied with "amounts to buy" so that your market list is made easy. Complete menu suggestions for church suppers and women's luncheons are given. Recipes include entrees, salads, and desserts. You may have this booklet free by writing to Winifred Saunders, General Foods Corp., 250 Park Ave., New York 17.

This month we give you a recipe from this booklet. "Chicken Alexandria" is deliciously suitable for a reunion supper or any other fellowship get-together. The recipe may be doubled, and the total amount needed may be prepared in advance and placed in baking pans. At serving

time just place pans in the oven as needed, thus saving kitchen confusion. Most of your cooking utensils will be washed up ahead of time.

To serve with this the booklet suggests a shrimp appetizer, broccoli or green beans, apple crisp with whipped cream or lemon sauce, and tea or coffee. This dessert recipe is also included in the booklet.



Chicken Alexandria—ideal for a reunion supper or any fellowship get-together. Easily prepared from recipe.

Large Quantity Recipe File

CHICKEN ALEXANDRIA

Pre-cooked rice . . .	8 5-oz. pkgs.	Salt	3½ tbs.
Cold water	3 qts.	Pepper	½ tsp.
Salt	2 tbs.	Diced cooked	
Shortening (or		chicken	3 qts.
butter)	2 cups	Canned sliced mush-	
Flour	2 cups (8 oz.)	rooms and juice .	1½ qts.
Hot chicken broth		Finely chopped	
(do not skim fat) .	2½ qts.	pimiento	1½ cups
Hot milk	2 qts.	Chopped parsley .	1 cup
Worcestershire		Mixed onion	½ cup
sauce	2 tsp.	Buttered crumbs .	1 cup

Combine rice, water and salt in saucepan and cook as directed on the package. Melt shortening in top of double boiler. Add flour and blend. Then add hot broth and milk and stir until mixture is thickened. Stir in Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Add cooked rice, chicken, mushrooms, pimiento, parsley and onion. Mix thoroughly. Pour mixture into greased shallow pans. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 10 minutes, or until crumbs are golden brown.

Amounts to buy: 8 5-ounce packages pre-cooked rice, 1 pound shortening, 2 quarts milk, four 5-pound fowls (dressed), 8 4-ounce cans sliced mushrooms, 4 4-ounce cans pimiento, 1 bunch parsley, 5 medium onions. Serves 50.

connected with the church, and someone was appointed to sift out highlights and special messages from this correspondence to be read at the program.

Families having more than two generations present were introduced with biographical data about each generation. Charter members, or those who joined soon after the founding of the church, told how they came to be in Chinook, their memories of joining the church, of baptisms, weddings, Sunday school, and other church activities.

A gold and white decoration theme was carried out. The guest table was spread with a white cloth overlaid with gold paper, and gold and white flowers formed the centerpiece. Every charter member was presented with a white Bible with gold lettering, and Bibles were mailed to charter members un-

able to attend. Historical highlights were written in the blank sheets in each Bible.

Howard Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, Calif., issued an historical survey of the church in honor of its 100th anniversary. This told how the church was organized just six days after the admission of California to the Union. Timber used in constructing the first edifice was brought around the Horn from Maine, since there were no sawmills on the Pacific Coast, and the church owned the first pipe organ in the city. This celebration began with a turkey dinner in the church parlors. The pastor, the Rev. Augustus J. Cox, was master of ceremonies, and the centennial speaker was the Rev. Robert B. Munger, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Berkeley, Calif., and moderator of the San Francisco Presbytery. It was a very happy occasion.

PROJECTS THAT PAY

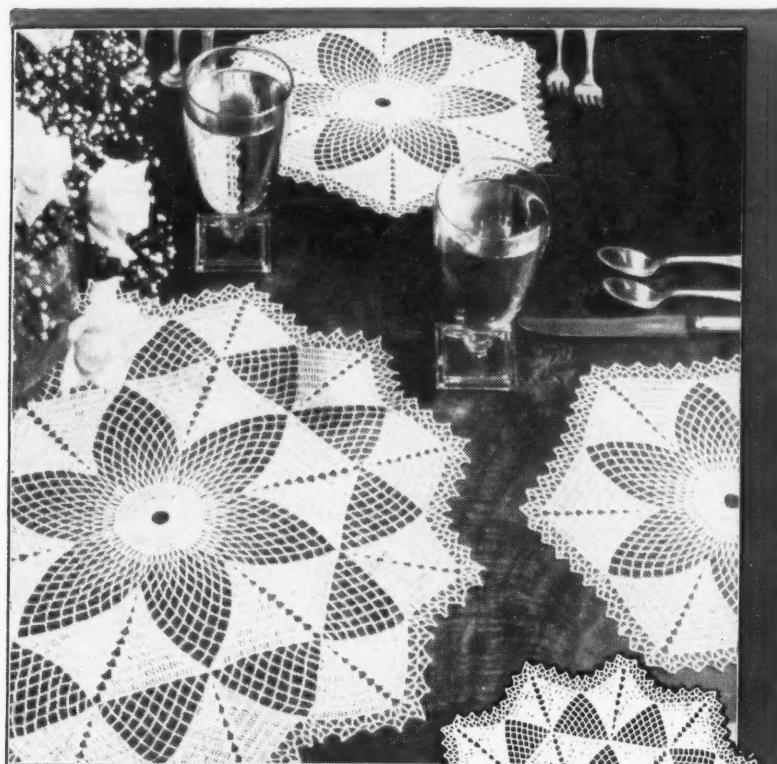
WHILE you are digging up historical details for your church anniversary, you can collect a lot of useful information about the history of your community. Save this in a separate file, either for use in the future or right away, as a project connected with your anniversary celebration.

Find out what the historical landmarks of your community are. Then arrange for guides and transportation for visitors and townspeople on a planned tour. You might charge a fee for this, if it is used to raise funds for your group. Or, you might give it as a contribution to the community. Of course, you will be able to hold the conducted tour only on one or two specified days or weekends. After that, the work you have done to uncover interesting historical data about your community may be preserved by posting a series of signs (painted wooden ones are satisfactory) to mark points visited in your tour. Locate and number these points on a map, so that visitors to the vicinity at any time may follow the tour from the map, which they can get from the Chamber of Commerce, local hotels, or your church.

Landmarks for this tour may include the first house built in the community, or if this is not standing, the oldest house and other lovely homes; the oldest school; oldest public buildings, store, mill or factory; oldest churches, trees, bridges, homes of any famous persons who lived in the community; sites of any historical events, Indian mounds or pioneer forts.

The guides should be supplied with something interesting to tell about every place visited. Amusing anecdotes and bits of legend, as well as names and dates connected with the landmarks, will enliven your tour. You may want to arrange with owners of the houses or buildings to have them open to the public on the days of your tour, if the interiors are worth seeing. Dressing your guides in old-fashioned garb adds color.

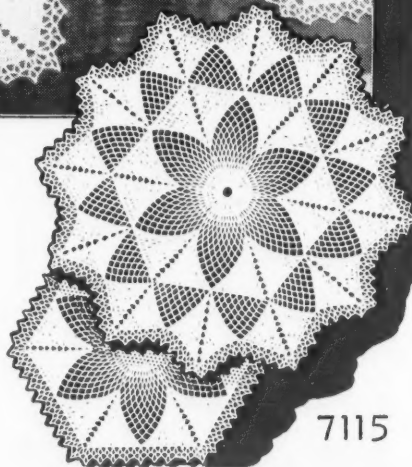
In some of the Southern and New England communities groups arrange tours of interesting private homes, not necessarily old ones. They are open to the public only on the days of the tour. Hostesses in all the homes wear costumes, and luncheon is included in the price of the tour. Notable features of each home are described, such as unusual materials used in construction, a mantle or chandelier brought from abroad, special window glass, architecture typical of a certain period, remarkable chimneys, shrubbery, or vines, and attractive views.



TOPS FOR YOUR NEEDLE

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Send **TWENTY CENTS** (in coin) for this pattern to: **CHRISTIAN HERALD, #223, Needlecraft Department, P. O. Box 162, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11.** **TWENTY CENTS** more for the Needlework Catalog with a free pattern printed in the catalog.



7115

HISTORICAL PAGEANT

YOU don't have to be an old-timer yourself to do an appreciative job of writing a pageant or history of your church. Mrs. Vera M. Root, a newcomer to Cisco, Ill., spent three months in research, aided by Mrs. Geneva Kistler, who had lived there all her life and advised her on the proper people to contact. She declares, "Writing the pageant truly made this *my* church, too!"

If you wish a copy of Mrs. Root's pageant, "The Story of Our Church," from which it would be easy to work out a similar one of your own, send in the coupon on page 39. You may insert your own historical data, and names of your members and pastors. If you prefer to write your own, remember that it is effective to plan your pageant as Mrs. Root did, so that there is continuous action in front of the curtains while stagehands are resetting scenes. Division into short scenes makes practice easy.

"The Story of Our Church" is divided into six scenes. Scene One is an ungraded Sunday-school class in session in a hall in June, 1875, just a month prior to the dedication of the first Cisco Methodist Church. The Rev. Harold Halfyard, the present minister, took the part of the church's first pastor. Scene Two shows the meeting of the building committee to make plans for the second Cisco church building, which was dedicated in 1899. Scene Three is an Epworth League meeting, attended by older folks as well as young people. Rural families could not travel fast enough by horse and buggy for the young people to return home in time to get the parents back to evening church services. All happenings in Scene Four actually occurred in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in its early history. Members of the Cisco's present W.S.C.S. enacted the scene. Scene Five is a wedding scene in which the wedding dress first worn down the aisle of the present church was again worn. The most recent couple married in the church portrayed themselves in bridal attire.

The Cisco pageant closed with Mrs. Leitie Parr, oldest life-long member of the church, presiding at a birthday cake bearing 75 candles. During this scene the congregation joined in a candle-lighting service.

If you plan any kind of candle-lighting ceremony, take care, as did Mrs. Root, to cooperate with the fire department authorities. When the house lights went out for the final scene, firemen equipped with fire extinguishers slipped quietly into designated spots throughout the audience. White candles, a little larger than or-

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Family Favorite . . . Grape Jelly!

Yield: about 5 six-ounce glasses

2 cups (1 lb.) bottled grape juice

3½ cups (1½ lbs.) sugar

½ bottle Certo liquid fruit pectin

Measure juice into large saucepan. Add sugar and mix well. Place over high heat and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. At once stir in Certo. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. (If you're planning on using fresh fruit, see recipe in booklet attached to Certo bottle.)

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And they cost less than those you buy!

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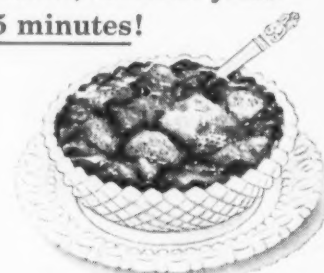
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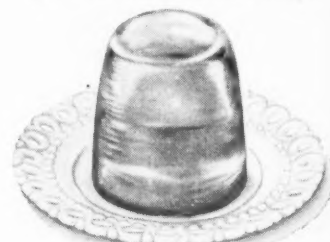
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dinary cake candles, pushed through the bottom of small nut cups to catch the drippings, were issued to everyone. Children under six were not allowed to hold candles.

If you have no stage in your parish house large enough for such an occasion, you can enlarge the church pulpit and hang pull curtains as the Cisco church did. Mrs. Root hunted for miles around for old-fashioned hats, dresses, men's coats, and chose her cast according to who could wear the tiny-waisted garments. She collected, cleaned, pressed and mended the costumes, then invited churchmembers in to try them on. Even the ushers wore costumes. The W.S.C.S. was a big help with wardrobe and properties Stage settings were simple, but Mrs. Root located an old pump organ and old-fashioned living-room stand with fancywork cover, old rockers and straight chairs to set the date of the scenes and add atmosphere.

Special vocal music was furnished by a male quartet, a ladies' duet and the church choir, accompanied by Mrs. Root at the organ.

GROUP ANNIVERSARIES

ANNIVERSARIES of church foundations are not the only kind your group may be called upon to celebrate. There are anniversaries of the group itself. Mrs. William Dimmerling of Pottsville, Pa., writes us of the 25th anniversary of her Woman's Club of Trinity Episcopal Church, which the ladies celebrated with a turkey dinner. The table was decorated with flowers, white candles in silver holders, and as many silver dishes as possible. Over the tables hung large white paper bells, and white streamers formed a canopy. One of the ladies made small nut cups out of milk-bottle caps covered with aluminum foil, with tiny silver bows and pipe-cleaner handles also covered with the foil. She also made napkin holders of black art paper tied with silver bows and a sticker design of silver leaves enclosing the figure "25."

The rector gave a short address of welcome, and one of the ladies told of the organization of the Woman's Club. A 91-year-old member who is no longer able to attend regular meetings, was present and spoke a few words, and there was group singing and a short quiz.

Another idea is to stage a typical meeting of past years, assembling clothes worn in those times, and having members dress to represent specific persons who organized the group. This might be worked out very amusingly. (Cont'd next page)

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Gather from old newspaper files headlines of those days, illustrations of fashions being worn, prices of various articles, and what was currently advertised. Ask questions about these things in the form of a spell-down game, and see how much members recall of the days when the group was new.

For a novel table centerpiece, especially good in months when flowers are not available, take a well-twigged tree branch and cover with aluminum radiator paint. Stand it upright in a needle flower holder in the center of a mirror laid flat on the table. Hang coins of various sizes wrapped in foil from the branches, or use toy money from the ten-cent store. Any who wish to contribute to the group's funds may drop silver coins on the mirror. A similar tree could be worked out in gold for a 50th anniversary.

DIVIDENDS FROM SCRAP

THERE is nothing thriftier than making something out of nothing. One of the circles or groups in your church might take over the idea of converting scraps into salable items. A notice in your church bulletin may be used to ask members to donate all their odds and ends of fabric, yarn, bias tape, embroidery floss, buttons, and worn bed pads, towels, or blankets for padding. Then have fun seeing how many useful and attractive articles you can make for your fair out of them. With imagination they can be turned into clever pot holders, stuffed toys, bean bags, doll clothes, and patchwork aprons.

ANSWER PLEASE

MRS. ED. C. THEDENS of Jesup, Iowa, wants to know if any of our readers have any novel ideas for containers to put money in for a "summer offering" project. Her group has used tiny aprons, cut out with pinking shears, with a pocket in which to put money. What else have you to suggest?

Address your replies to Jane Kirk, "Woman's Place" Editor, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 27 East 39th St., New York 16, N. Y.

Woman's Place Dept. (8-51)
Christian Herald
27 East 39th St., New York 16

Please send me the pageant, "The Story of Our Church," by Vera M. Root. I enclose 25c and a large stamped, self-addressed envelope. (Requests without an enclosed envelope cannot be filled.)

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Please PRINT carefully. BE SURE TO GIVE YOUR SIZE.

Daily Meditations

by John W. McKelvey

Wednesday, August 1

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:1

God, Thou art love. I build my faith on that.—ROBERT BROWNING

THORNTON WILDER opens "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" with a brief account of the collapse of a bridge hurling to sudden death a little group of people crossing it. Then he goes back and sketches the life of each of the victims, searching for some clue to solve the riddle of their seemingly capricious fate. He ends his quest by pointing to the only factor which gives adequate meaning to life, the factor which constitutes the bridge even to those who died. It is the final sentence and the noblest in the whole novel: "There is a land of the living and a land of the dead and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning." We begin today the study of the Apostle Paul's immortal I Corinthians 13. If you can, amidst these summer days, won't you take time to memorize it? Valuable as it is among all the chapters of Scripture, it becomes priceless when committed to memory.

Lord Jesus, create within us a new spirit, a spirit of trust and understanding, a spirit of unselfishness and love, a spirit of compassion and forgiveness. Amen.

Thursday, August 2

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:2a, c

The love of God blooms in the lilac, murmurs in the brook, shines in the dawn, sings in the bird. The love of God is the truest key of knowledge.—ANONYMOUS

THE APOSTLE PAUL is not trying to scorn any of the time-honored means for understanding and interpreting the will of God. He is primarily concerned in emphasizing love as the basic principle of life. Not half-hearted love nor a fragmentary perspective, but love that "hath broken every barrier down," love that fulfills every partial approach is the kind of love needed. He almost suggests that the reason our lives so frequently are choked up and half-stagnant is because we take up life's challenge in the same attitude as the man who replied to the question, "Do you believe in capital punishment?" by

saying, "Yes, if it is not too severe." Of course, in living truly, as in dying, there are no halfway marks.

Comfort Thou, O Lord, all those who are afflicted and laid low in sickness or ambushed by the angel of death, and deliver those tempted by the cunning of the evil one. Amen.

Friday, August 3

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:2b

When everybody is saying the same thing, we may be sure that nobody is doing any thinking.—JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

WILLIAM F. KIRK understood exactly what the Apostle Paul was trying to say: "To give a little from a shining store, is that to give? To give and feel no loss, is that to give as Christ gave on the Cross?" As a matter of fact, to love and to give is to understand the meaning of the law and the prophets as doers, not as hearers only.

Thou, O Father, art our only joy, for Thou art steadfast and hast never yet gone back on Thy rich promises. Save us from ourselves and teach us to walk in Thy paths. Amen.

Saturday, August 4

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:2b, c

Love is the crowning grace in heaven; but faith is the conquering grace upon earth.—THOMAS WATSON

IT IS remarkable how familiar the Apostle Paul was with the words of Jesus in view of the fact that he wrote this letter to the Corinthian church years before the Gospels were written down. When he wrote this particular verse, he must have been thinking of Jesus' saying in St. Matthew 17:20: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." Notwithstanding all this, the Apostle took pains to say that faith without the ethic of Christian love, love comprising justice with mercy, would amount to nothing. "Love," to quote Henry Drummond, "is the greatest thing in the world."

Holy Spirit, Love Divine, we come before Thee in penitence and shame,

for our sins and failures have consumed all our pride. Have mercy on us, we pray. Amen.

Sunday, August 5

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:1-3

The Kingdom of God is something to which we can give, not something from which we can get.—ROY L. SMITH

NOW IS A GOOD time to rehearse both verses and viewpoint. My beloved professor of the Old Testament used to say, "Gentlemen, repetition and accuracy make a wise man." These two things are also essential in the making of a mature soul. Having thoroughly rehearsed the first three verses, be sure that you see clearly what the Apostle Paul is saying. He is distinguishing between two ways of life. He might have referred to two seas for further clarification, the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee. The Dead Sea receives to itself the turbulent waters of the Jordan River, and all the water it relinquishes is carried away in buckets, if at all. The Sea of Galilee, on the other hand, dispenses with its water without stint, giving freely all it has received, without flourish or dramatic effect. The waters of the Dead Sea are dead; those of the Sea of Galilee fresh, throbbing with life. The secret is here: not self-conscious giving, but loving, selfless living.

Forgive us, O Lord, in our slothfulness and preoccupation. Make us as Thou art, compassionate and full of lovingkindness. Amen.

Monday, August 6

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:3b

What men need today in this time of trouble is not a way out so much as a way of high and manly living within.

—WILMONT LEWIS

HOW WE SUCCEEDED in being so shortsighted in blundering along in the daily round is aptly set forth in the story of the six-year-old who was invited out to lunch at a neighbor's home. As soon as all were seated at the table the food was served. The little boy was puzzled. With frankness characteristic of a child he asked, "Don't you say any prayer before you eat?" The host was highly uncomfortable for a moment, and then re-

plied, "No, we don't take time for that." The little boy thought silently for a while and finally remarked, "You're just like my dog! You start right in." Of course, we don't seem to realize that we are thus playing fast and loose with life. To suppose that we can get by without love is to make the same tragic error.

Lord, bid us find ourselves by the process of losing ourselves in self-forgetful service and loving self-giving for Thy sake. Amen.

Tuesday, August 7

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:4a

HAVE YOU EVER wondered how "charity" of the King James Version became "love" in the modern translations of I Corinthians 13? Paul meant "love." We have come to associate "charity" with giving, in terms of money, forbearance, and so on. This derivation of meaning is remarkably valid and vital, for there can be no true loving without giving. On the other hand, "the gift without the giver is bare."

O loving Saviour, who with love wouldst make us perfect, dwell Thou completely in our hearts and give us inner peace. Amen.

Wednesday, August 8

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:4b

"LOVE ENVIETH NOT:" a truly heroic achievement. Consider the tragedy where life yields to envy and its perverted viewpoint. There is the old couple portrayed in Ellen Glasgow's "Vein of Iron" who committed suicide by turning on the gas one night instead of going to the poor house the following morning. The neighbors said in astonishment, "I can't understand it. Yesterday they were in such good spirits. I can't understand it!" What the neighbors could not understand was the fierce undertow of their lives, the undertow of envy. The old people were envious of the material comforts which their neighbors possessed and which financial reverses denied them. Caught in the quicksands of envy, they were swept to a senseless destruction.

O God, who didst make us in Thine image, cause us to know the difference between good and evil, truth and untruth, the seemly and the unseemly, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Thursday, August 9

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:4c

"LOVE makes no parade, gives itself no airs." What a graphic way of saying that love is humble! I wonder if John Bunyan was thinking of this verse when he visualized for us Mr.

CHURCH GROUPS! It's Easy to RAISE MONEY for Your Church or Group Treasury...

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Please send at once, on approval, sample of your 1951 "Feature" Christmas Assortments with complete details for making money with Wallace Brown Greeting Cards.

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Facing-both-ways, that proud, self-important creature of "Pilgrim's Progress" who demanded the center of attention, even if it meant nullifying his integrity. Someone has well said, "Christ and the devil go in opposite directions; you can't walk hand in hand with both of them." No. No matter how splendidly you are clothed, how greatly self-esteemed, you cannot serve God and mammon.

Grant, O Lord, the insight to discern the secrets of character, the source of integrity, the discipline of divine love, through Jesus Christ.

Friday, August 10

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:5a

Brotherhood is not so wild a dream as those who profit by postponing it pretend.—NORMAN CORWIN

"LOVE . . . is never rude, never selfish." The Apostle Paul is utterly sweeping in his statement, implying that the time for love to express itself properly is always present. It was Emerson who said, "One of the illusions of life is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year."

This day especially, O God, grant that we may do more than make a living, that we may inherit at its close life both abundant and everlasting.

Saturday, August 11

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:5b

When you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper. When you are in the wrong, you can't afford to lose it.—ANONYMOUS

"LOVE is never irritated, never resentful." This means, in effect, love is always in tune with the mind of God. Ethel Alpenfels, the anthropologist, tells of a woodsman walking with a city friend down Fifth Avenue across 42nd Street, and saying suddenly, "Why, I hear a cricket." "Nonsense," scoffed the city man. "In this uproar? Not a chance." "But I do," said the woodsman, "and I'll show you." Taking a dime from his pocket, he dropped it on the pavement. Instantly every head within thirty feet turned around to see whose dime had dropped. "You see?" said the woodsman. "People hear what their ears are tuned to. Mine happen to be tuned to crickets."

Lord Jesus, hear the cry of the burdened, the weary, the hard-pressed, the sick, the dying, and deliver each one with joy and victory, for Thy sake, Amen.

Sunday, August 12

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:6a

"LOVE is never glad when others go wrong." No better counsel was ever given than that of Soren Kierkegaard: "When thou redest God's Word, it

is not the obscure passages which impose a duty upon thee, but that which thou understandest; and with that thou must instantly comply. If there were only a single passage thou didst understand in Holy Scriptures—well, the first thing is to do that . . . God's Word is given in order that thou shalt act in accordance with it, not in order that thou shalt practice the art of interpreting obscure passages."

We pray especially, O Father, that we may have the courage to do our duty not only in outward responsibilities, but also in observing the inner dictates of divine love, Amen.

Monday, August 13

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:6b

He who loves goodness harbors angels, reveres reverence, and lives with God.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

"LOVE is gladdened by goodness." There is something strangely unique about the Kingdom of God as set forth by Jesus in His interpretation of love. Somehow we need more than anything else to understand how love motivates and directs us in thought, word, and deed. Arthur H. Compton in speaking of our relationship to and mastery of the natural world about us declared: "If life is to be enriched by the gifts of science, we must set ourselves to learn the rules." How infinitely more essential this is, if we are to be enriched by the gifts of the Spirit! The rules of the spiritual world are highlighted, one by one, and not one of them must be broken or cast aside.

O God of mercy, we plead for strength to serve Thee aright. We cannot do what is expected of us without Thy help. Thou art our Rock and Refuge, Amen.

Tuesday, August 14

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:7a

It is one of the beautiful compensations of life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

—PHILIP BAILEY

"LOVE is always slow to expose." It is said that when Nansen was taking soundings in the Arctic Ocean his line was too short, so he wrote in his diary for that day, "Deeper than that." The next day he lengthened his line but still it was insufficient. The entry in the diary again was, "Deeper than that." The next day Nansen gathered all the line on shipboard and took his third sounding without touching bottom. So he wrote down again the third time, "Deeper than that." Love is like that, particularly love that "beareth all things."

Forgive us, O Savior, if we have erred in hardness of heart and unkindness in dealing with those about us. Teach us to love one another as Thou hast loved us, Amen.

Wednesday, August 15

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:7b

"LOVE is always eager to believe the best." The story is told of a father who told his small daughter one day, "I love you when you're good." The little girl answered quickly, "I love you all the time, Daddy." It was love like this on Jesus' part that transformed Mary Magdalene, causing her to cast off her sordid allegiance with evil in order to attain a life of purity and honor worthy of the Savior's love. It was the same amazing love at work on Peter, and Zacchaeus, and Saul of Tarsus, and in the end it made them heroes of the faith. When we will love one another after this fashion, we too will witness unforgettable miracles.

Speak through us, O Holy Spirit of God, that by thought, word, and deed we may reveal Thy glory and bring transforming blessing to our fellow men, Amen.

Thursday, August 16

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:7c

"LOVE IS always hopeful." Many a miserable and tragic moment is redeemed because love will not allow us to give up. Love's persistence at this point is somewhat like the incorrigible optimism of the mountain guide who said to the man he was escorting, "Be careful not to fall here, it's dangerous. But if you do fall, remember to look to the left; you get a wonderful view."

Enable each one of us, Dear Lord, to find a place in life's swift course wherein our capacities may be used to bless others and to adore Thy holy Name, Amen.

Friday, August 17

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:7d

"LOVE is always patient." This is an excellent time to check up on your progress in memorizing this chapter. All memory work requires patience and perseverance. The same is true of life. I like the story Lincoln is reputed to have told of the hired man out West who went to the farmer one afternoon with the news that one of a yoke of oxen had dropped dead. After hesitating, the hired man went on to say that the other ox in the team had dropped dead too. The farmer asked, "Why didn't you tell me at once that both oxen were dead?" "Because," the hired man replied, "I didn't want to hurt you by telling you too much at one time." Have no fear if you have love, for then you can glory in tribulations, "knowing that tribulation worketh patience."

We ask Thee, Lord, to comfort and heal those who suffer and endure affliction. Bestow on them who mourn the solace of Thy peace and the hope of life eternal, Amen.

Saturday, August 18

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:8a

For there is no debtor in the world so honorable as love.—HENRY DRUMMOND

"LOVE never disappears." What the Apostle Paul is affirming here is illustrated by the story of a young American art student in Paris who during World War I enlisted in the French army. The only American in his battalion, he soon became a favorite. He was killed in battle, and at his burial a serious complication arose. He was a Protestant, and because it was against the rules of the Roman Catholic Church to have Protestants buried in their burying-grounds, the priest buried the young American just outside the cemetery wall. That night, however, the villagers arose and joined his surviving comrades, pulled down part of the wall and rebuilt it in such a way that it included him. Thus love has a way of going beyond life's petty limitations and thereby achieving within us infinite peace.

We thank Thee, O Christ, for the discipline of love in our lowly paths. Grant to us the grace we need to bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of life. Amen.

Sunday, August 19

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:8b

"AS FOR PROPHECYING, it will be superseded." There are so many things that will not endure, it is surprising that we are so loathe to exchange the transient for the eternal. During the dark days of the Civil War we are told how Lincoln found it necessary to call for the draft of half a million men just prior to the presidential election of 1864. His closest advisers urged him to suspend the draft until after the election, saying the call for so many men was a sign of defeat in the prosecution of the war and would be the basis of failure at the polls. To all this Lincoln, reasoning that without men the North could not hope to save the Union, quietly answered, "What is the Presidency worth to me if I have no country?" What is the use of insisting on the gift of prophecy, if it will be displaced? Not prophesying, we need, but love.

We cannot hide from Thee, O gracious Father, the pain within our soul nor the hunger which drives us ever to Thyself, through Jesus Christ.

Monday, August 20

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:8c

Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact.—GEORGE ELIOT

"AS FOR 'TONGUES,' they will cease." Speaking in tongues was a spectacular manifestation of the Holy

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CHI HIE SUK

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Spirit in the early days of the Church, but even as the Apostle predicted it has ceased to amount to anything significant. Jesus Himself warned us against "vain repetitions," thinking we shall be heard for our "much speaking." Talking gibberish and our "much speaking" are two different things, but both are alike useless in the final test. Somehow we need to see that what counts is something else altogether. The preacher was in possession of it when, getting lost in his Sunday morning rhetoric, he cried, "Somewhere in this sentence I've lost the nominative case, but thank God I'm on the way to glory."

Be merciful unto us, dear Lord, for we have sinned against Thee and no more deserve to be called Thy children. Save us, and redeem us through Jesus Christ Thy Son. Amen.

Tuesday, August 21

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:8d

"AS FOR KNOWLEDGE, it will be superseded." Important as knowledge is, we have lived to see that knowledge as such is inadequate, even elusive. A college president once remarked, when asked to account for the fund of knowledge for which his institution was famous, "The freshmen bring in so much and the graduates take out so little." Certainly he did not intend to say that the graduates had learned nothing during their years of study. All he meant was to underscore the paradox of knowledge: The more you know the less you know you know. What the Apostle Paul is trying to say is that growing into Christ is not a matter of learning the knowable but of mastering the unknowable. It is not knowledge but faith, seeing Him who is invisible.

Hear us, Lord Jesus, that we may understand Thy victory and possess Thy power when so much depends on our faith to believe, believing where we cannot prove. Amen.

Wednesday, August 22

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:9

"FOR WE ONLY KNOW bit by bit, and we only prophesy bit by bit." In his book "The Way," E. Stanley Jones tells of people who believe "there is a way to fly, and there is not-the-way." Aviators, however, tell us that even though they know all too little about flying they must obey those laws upon which flying depends—or else! Leslie Weatherhead summed it up by saying, "You cannot build Christ's Kingdom and leave Christ out."

O Christ, enable us according to our knowledge and capacities to minister in Thy Name, that men may hear Thy voice. Amen.

Thursday, August 23

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:10

"BUT WHEN the perfect comes, the imperfect shall be superseded." Harold C. Urey, one of the scientists connected with the discovery of the atomic bomb, has said: "I am a frightened man. All the scientists I know are frightened for their lives and your life." Why? Because the basic nuclear energy of the universe is so capriciously evil that it will suddenly break into a chain reaction and utterly destroy us? No. But because men now are in possession of the key to unlock this basic energy and it is feared they will try to handle this power outside the framework of moral law and spiritual truth, and in so doing bring doom upon civilization.

God of our fathers, we bow down before Thee in confession that we have wandered from Thy paths and erred from Thy precepts. Draw nigh to us as we draw nigh to Thee. Amen.

Friday, August 24

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:11a

"WHEN I was a child . . ." It is strange how a few years can alter our perspective toward life. A young man sent a letter to a university newspaper addressed to the older generation, urging it to get acquainted with the guy called "Kick. He is a wonderful guy—gives you thrills." The answer, according to E. Stanley Jones, should be: "Young man, may I suggest that you get acquainted with another guy called 'Kick-back.' He is always a little behind the first guy and always has the last kick." "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Proverbs 22:6).

We thank Thee, O God, that Thou didst not set us alone amidst the trials of life's short course, but that in Thy love Thou didst send us Thy Son, that in Him we might live. Amen.

Saturday, August 25

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:11b

"NOW that I am a man . . ." Just when is it that we grow up? It may be impossible to put our finger on the exact moment, but it is not difficult at all to pick up the telltale signs of our immaturity: our childishness, our peevishness, our capitulation to the dominance of feelings over reason as demonstrated in our moments of bad temper, anger, anxiety, selfishness, sentimentality. Pardonable in children, these things are indefensible in adults.

We seek, O Father, to be so closely knit with the life of Christ that we shall be constantly aware of Thy great family to which we individually belong. Amen.

Sunday, August 26

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:12a

"AT PRESENT we only see the baffling reflections in a mirror." Perhaps you have heard the story of the old man who went to the bank to get a check cashed. It was made out to the sum of \$24.97. The teller counted out the money and gave it to him. The old man took it over to a wall-desk and counted it. A half hour later the teller noticed he was still counting it. He went over to him and asked, "Isn't the money all there?" "Yes sir," replied the old man, "but it just is." Is life like that with us? Is it cut close to the grain, this daily grind, this endless treadmill, this breath of vapor, this and nothing more? It need not be, if we have faith until that day when we shall see "face to face."

We would be obedient to the heavenly vision, Lord. Save us from denying Thee by word and deed, and make us to love Thee as we ought to love. Amen.

Monday, August 27

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:12b

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.

—BENJAMIN DISRAELI

"AT PRESENT I am learning bit by bit." We ought not to whine and groan under the impact of life the way we do. What if we can see but "one step" at a time? How important for us to realize that we are in God's hands, and that He has made us for worthwhile actions and feelings, for great thoughts, real affections and enduring undertakings! Each of us has a rendezvous with destiny, no matter how imperfectly we comprehend it.

Teach us, our God and King, that we have received a commission to go unto the uttermost parts, trusting Thee to lead us in a plain path and to deliver us at last. Amen.

Tuesday, August 28

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:13a

"THUS faith lasts on." Now the tremendous conclusion to the whole matter. The poet von Schiller has taken the Apostle's closing words and inscribed "Three Lessons":

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,

Know this: God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Teach us, O Master, in this time of bewilderment, so that in faith we may behold the promise that in Thee is peace and with Thee is victory. Amen.

Wednesday, August 29

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:13b

HENRY S. LEIPER told the story of the Italian street musician who announced during his serenade, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will play for you, 'When Napoleon Crossed the Rockies,' my favorite piece." But before he could start, someone cried out, "Napoleon crossed the Alps, not the Rockies!" The musician answered with dignity, "Some say, it is true, that Napoleon crossed the Alps, but the authorities differ at this point." Yes, men have said that tyranny could never be overthrown, that disease could never be eradicated, that sin could never be cleansed, that night would never turn to day, but the authorities differed because others hoped against hope.

Lord, we are not content to think that this life in which we move and have our being is all there is. Teach us to hope for the life eternal, and faint not. Amen.

Thursday, August 30

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:13c

CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN, in one of his books, tells the legend of John, the beloved disciple, in his later years. He had grown feeble and decrepit, and was no longer able to occupy his accustomed place in the pulpit. Friends therefore lovingly carried him each Sabbath to the house of worship. When the service neared its end, his associates would lift the patriarch up to where he could be seen. There he would smile benignly and say, "Little children, love one another." When one day someone chided him on repeating the same thing, he replied, "But there is nothing more to be said. It is a final word. If we love one another, that is everything."

Cause us, O Lord, this day to stop a while to remember that Thy best gift to us is Jesus, whom Thou didst send because Thou lovest us with a surpassing love. Amen.

Friday, August 31

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:1-13

"THUS . . . these three, but the greatest of all is love." It was no accident that caused the Apostle Paul to come at last to this climactic and triumphant conclusion. He had pioneered a high road over which innumerable souls in the ages since his day were to travel with unspeakable thanksgiving. His discovery enabled all in every race and clime to say as Robert Southwell said, "Not where I breathe, but where I love, I live."

Give us grateful hearts, Dear Father, for the inestimable gift of Thy love, manifest to us in Thine only Son Jesus Christ, whose coming has brought light, life and peace. Amen.

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If you are looking for the coming of the King, I have a message of supreme value for these dark days. I advertised this same message some time ago. The responses from those who had sent for it were filled with gratitude to God for a new revelation that had come to them. Some said, "This should be read by every Christian in America."

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THE HOLLYHOCKS NEXT DOOR

(Continued from page 18)

"Hollyhocks." Martha's heart pounded. This was the fatal moment! "Winner of first prize—Jacob Huff, Summer Glory, \$10 award."

Waves of resentment rushed through Martha. "My hollyhocks!" she said to herself. "What right does Jacob Huff have to the prize? He'd never have heard of Summer Glory if the seed hadn't blown across from my yard."

Jacob was making his way to the platform to receive the prize. But what was happening? Martha saw him pause and whisper a few words to the president. Then Jacob faced the crowd and began to speak.

"Fellow flower lovers," he said, "I must say it's a big thrill to hear my name announced by the mayor before a crowd like this, and to be awarded a prize. The hollyhocks that grew in my yard are beautiful and I'm proud of them. But I must be truthful, folks. They aren't really my hollyhocks at all. In fact, I didn't plant any hollyhocks." A murmur could be heard through the audience. "The seed blew across from my neighbor's yard, and I can't claim much credit."

Martha gasped. She could hardly believe her ears.

"I'm asking that Martha Folsom be given half the prize money because they're her flowers, really. She planted the seed and I'm just sort of a stepfather to the hollyhocks, you might say." The crowd roared at this pleasantry.

A sense of humiliated shame came over Martha. To think that she had entertained resentful thoughts about Jacob, who was a pure-gold neighbor, who before the citizenry of Abbotville was giving her all the credit!

"Will Mrs. Folsom please come forward?" the president of the Garden Club was saying. In a state of agitation Martha scurried to the platform.

"Mrs. Folsom," the president said. "Mr. Huff insists that you receive half of the prize money. He says the Summer Glory hollyhocks really belong to you and he wants you to share in the honor."

Martha felt her face grow red. "But I can't," she said. "I don't deserve any credit."

The president handed her the megaphone. "Tell the crowd," he said, grinning.

Gingerly Martha took it. "Friends and neighbors," she said, "Jacob Huff deserves all the credit. They are his flowers and it's his prize. Maybe the seeds did come from my garden, but everybody gets his flower seeds someplace, and the person who cares

for the flowers and waters them and weeds the beds and loves the flowers—well, they're *his* flowers, that's all. Mr. Huff's to have all the prize."

The crowd roared in applause. Looking down the hall Martha could see John clapping his hands furiously and beaming with pride.

"And now, fellow citizens," the president announced, "delicious refreshment awaits us, so I declare the program officially closed, and direct your attention to the tables at the rear, where lemonade and cookies await one and all."

The band struck up a vigorous march. Martha Folsom and Jacob Huff, with the others, began pushing down the aisle. "You're the best neighbor anyone ever had," she said.

Jacob smiled. "It's easy to be a good neighbor living next door to somebody like you."

"I'd rather have the hollyhocks by your house than mine," Martha confessed. "When they're in my yard I can't see them unless I go outside, but when they're in yours I can see them even when I'm washing dishes."

"Ever read Bill Stidger's poem about the garden and the seeds?"

Martha shook her head.

"Here, I brought a copy," Jacob told her. "Read it when you get home."

THAT evening, sitting in her living room, Martha Folsom read the poem. And if at the conclusion her eyes were wet with tears, who could say that they were not tears of happiness?

Your seeds blow into my garden, friend,
Whenever the wind is right,
They blow on the wings of wind by day,
And they ride on the gales by night.

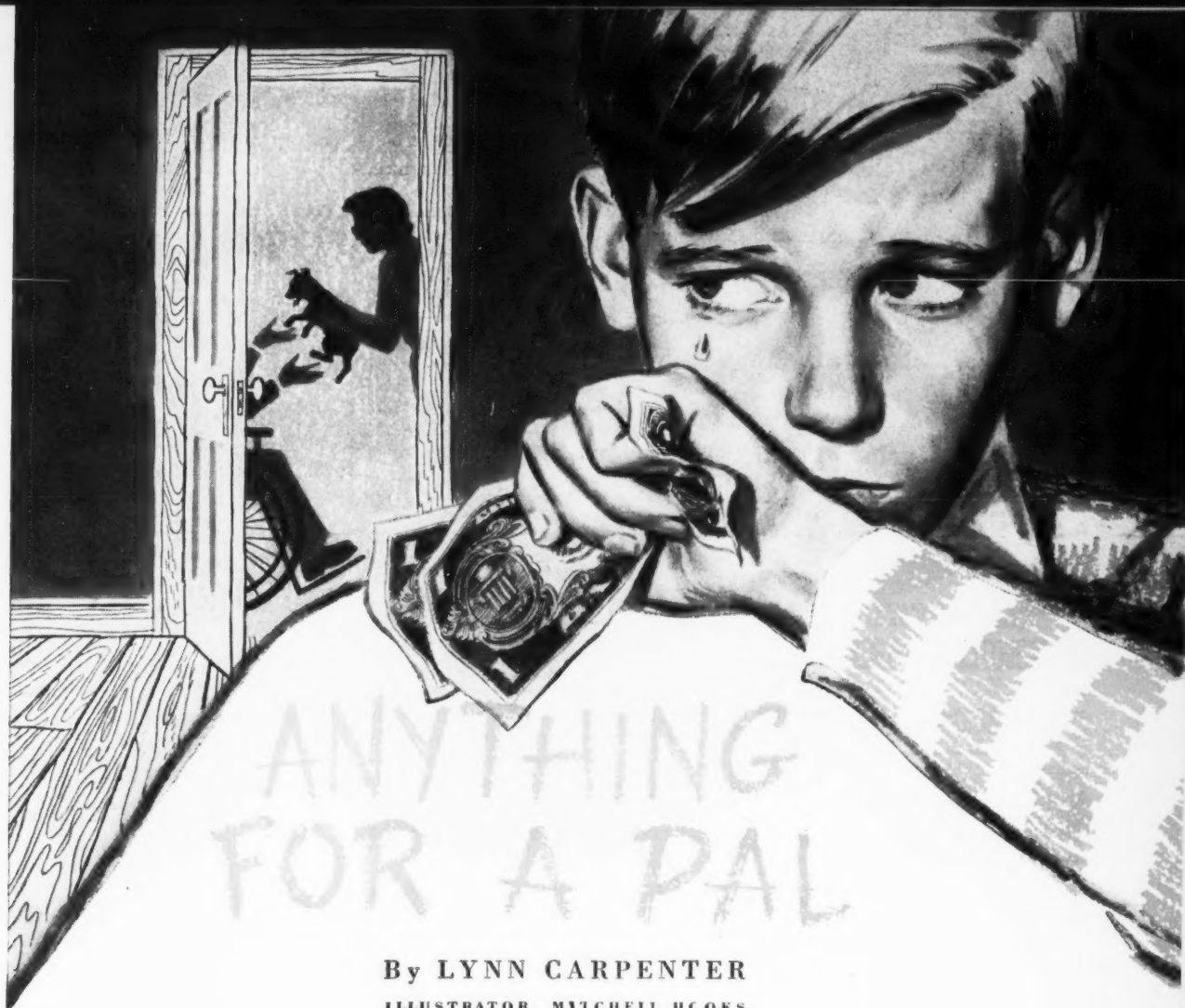
Your seeds blow into my garden, friend,
And nestle among my flowers,
In the soft, sweet soil of my garden plot
They wait for the sun and the showers.

Whatever you grow in your garden,
friend,
Of beauty or ugly weed,
The fall will come and the wind will blow
And over will come your seed.

Your words blow into my life, my friend,
Or whether of good or ill,
Your thoughts fly over like ships of love,
Or daggers that pierce and kill.

Your smile blows into my heart, dear friend
And neighbor across the way.
It blows and blossoms in buds of love,
A blessing to life all day.

Your life is a garden of love, dear friend,
And planted with kindly deeds.
So over and over the fence will blow
Into my garden your seeds.



By LYNN CARPENTER

ILLUSTRATOR: MITCHELL HOOKS

"NOT SO fast, Joe! The pup can't keep up," Andy called, easing to a halt.

"Sure. Anything for a pal!" Joe sat on the curb alongside the river and let his feet hang down over the black water. Andy came up the pup bumping its nose against his heels as he walked. Carefully Andy sat down on the hard-packed earth, back a little way from the waterfront.

Joe looked at him. "When are you going to get over it, Andy?" he asked, scratching up a few grains of dry, sandy earth and letting them fall through his fingers into East River.

Andy waited a minute to answer. Upstream, he could see four of the kids from the next street flashing off a piling and into the water. A moment and they bobbed up, splashing dirty river water on each other.

"O.K., so I'm chicken," Andy retorted finally. He looked out at the water and felt the same old fear go through him. Blackie the pup was there beside him, his red tongue dabbing experimentally at Andy's bare leg. Blackie thought he was a great guy. But then so did Joe. Andy wished he could learn to swim, for Joe. But he couldn't help the fear that tied his insides in knots when he came near the black water. If they only had a decent place to swim and do things that kids liked to do!

Joe scraped up another handful of dry dirt and flung it meditatively into the water. He waited for it to splash five feet below and then turned to Andy. "It's bad on a guy to be afraid of something. But you don't want to talk about it,

so I won't. Anything for a pal." Joe was always saying that. He was that kind of guy, Andy thought, always considering somebody else. There was nobody like Joe. Not on the East Side, anyway.

"The pup's got his breath now," Joe said, getting to his feet. "Let's give him another run."

Andy stood up and stretched and the pup watched him expectantly. Joe raced off, and Andy followed him. Blackie let out an indignant yip.

"Don't get so close to the edge!" Andy called out, slowing, but Joe only jumped on the very top of the curbing and kept on running.

"Hey, wait, Joe—Blackie can't catch up!" Andy called, just as Joe's foot struck a place that was a little out of line, and he stumbled headlong into the roily water.

"Joe!" Andy screamed, running to the spot. The water below was moving restlessly with the tide and with the ripples coming in from the spot where Joe had gone down. "Joe!" he screamed again, when the boy's head broke the surface.

BUBBLING out water, Joe called feebly, "Help me!"

Andy could see the long gash on Joe's head. He must have struck the edge of the curbing as he went in. "I can't—" Andy screamed hysterically. "I can't, Joe!"

Joe's arms flailed in a few feeble strokes, but he couldn't make it by himself.

Blackie was there nuzzling at Andy's leg, but

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Andy pushed him away.

"Andy!" Joe called again, floundering in the current.

Sobbing, Andy was over the curb, climbing down to the water. His fingers bit into crevices between the cribbing and he made it to the water's edge. "Joel!" he shouted, holding on with one hand and leaning out over the murky water as far as he dared. "Joel!"

Then he saw his friend, Joe was too far out. The current had him, Andy held on and stared with horror-widened eyes as Joe swept out into the black water and disappeared.

Somehow he got back up on top of the curbing. The swimmers from upstream came running. "It's Joe," Andy flung at them. "I can't swim!"

The others looked out over the water. "We can't do anything," they had to say. "It would take a real life saver. We don't know anything about that, Andy!"

They told him later that he was still there, screaming for somebody to come, when the cops screeched to a halt in their green and white car, the red light on top blinking ominously.

Joe rated a couple of lines in the papers—that's all. It wasn't news. Too many drownings of kids in the East River.

One story did get in the papers.

"HEY, ANDY," Pinky rushed up to him the next day, "you know that Joe's old lady can't give him a funeral? No money. How about that? We gonna let 'em dump Joe over on the Island—not even a decent grave?"

Andy, still seeing Joe's frightened face above the black water, still hearing his cry for the help Andy could not give, shook his head. "Joe was our pal. He was always helping us. He helped me get a dog."

Andy reached his hand out and patted Blackie, dozing on the tenement steps beside him. He remembered how it had been.

"Old man Parisi had four to give away," Joe had told him. "I said you always wanted a pup. So he says, tell you to come and get one. Anything for a pal!"

Andy's eyes had been large and unbelieving as he looked at the black squirming bundle in his arms. "A pup—and he's mine!"

The pup had stuck out an exploring pink tongue against Andy's bare arm. "You see that, Joe?" Andy grinned. "He likes me!"

"What are you going to call him? You got to have a name for him."

"How about 'Blackie'? Like that—Blackie?" Andy nudged the pup in his arms.

Andy had walked proudly home and climbed the stairs to the third-

floor flat with Blackie inside his shirt. "Don't mind the smells, Blackie," he said. "Wait till we get where we live. It's not as bad." And then they were at the tall gray door with number 301 scrawled on with a pencil, the way you scribble a pencil back and forth to get a line black enough to show up.

Andy had walked in nonchalantly, past his mother and sister in the dingy kitchen, into the bedroom where his four other brothers and sisters were playing on the bare floor. A minute later the shout went up, "Andy's got a dog!"

Andy's mother flounced in to see for herself. "Andy," she said sternly, "you know you can't keep a dog in this—" Then she stopped, for the light in Andy's eyes had gone out.

"Andy, where you gonna put him?" his mother asked patiently.

"Then I can keep Blackie?" Andy asked, the big smile coming back.

"I give up," his mother grumbled, sidling back to the kitchen.

That's the way it had been, and Andy told Pinky, "Joe was always helping us. Now we got to help him."

"But how?" Pinky wanted to know, and right there the big story was born that got into the New York papers and was flashed from one end of the country to the other.

"We could raise the money," Andy said. "Sell things."

"What have we got to sell?" Pinky muttered. "Maybe pick up some bottles. They give you a penny apiece for empties, sometimes. But what could you sell?"

The pup stuck out his pink tongue and touched Andy's arm. Andy looked down. Suddenly his eyes tightened and the corners of his mouth trembled. "I—I got something," he said, and picked up Blackie.

"HEY, MISTER, want to buy a nice dog? Cheap, too?" he asked at the third door.

"I need a dog like I need a hole in the head!" the man said, slamming the door in Andy's face.

Blackie jumped a little in Andy's arms. "Take it easy, boy. Everything's all right. Everything's all right, see?" Andy knew that Blackie didn't believe him.

At the fourth door, Andy went into his sales talk again, and held up the pup temptingly. "Naw—" the lady began, then stopped. "Wait a minute. My kid might like a pup. How much?"

"We have to get an awful lot of money," Andy said. "How about—two dollars?"

The woman pursed her mouth. "Well—okay." She took a pocketbook from behind the stove.

Andy clung to the pup. "So-long, Blackie," he said softly.

"Come on," said the lady. "Here's the money. Do I get the dog?"

"Sure. Sure, here he is. You're sure —" he asked, "you're sure you'll be good to 'im? He's just a little dog—"

"Jake will be good to 'im. Here you are, Jakie! Something for you!" Andy watched while the lady carried Blackie across the room and dropped him in the lap of a slender boy in a wheelchair. The boy's eyes lighted.

Andy shut the door. Yes, Jakie would be good to the pup. Andy dug a fist into his eye and put the two crumpled dollar bills into his pants pocket. He walked down the flights of stairs to the street, and then turned toward the river. Across the littered empty lot he went and stood by the dark, brooding water. "Something else, Joe," he muttered. "Something I got to do. I'm going to learn to swim—you hear that, Joe? You yelled to me to help you, and I couldn't!" Andy choked. "That's why I got to learn." He turned away and went home.

JOE HAD a nice funeral—the kind of funeral a hero ought to have. There were flowers that made good smells in the little chapel, and the Lutheran preacher said nice things about Joe.

Somebody sang "Abide with Me," and Andy's head went down as he listened to the words. "If only I hadn't been afraid," Andy's conscience flayed him. "But I'm not afraid now, Joe!" he said deep inside. "I'm not afraid, Joe!"

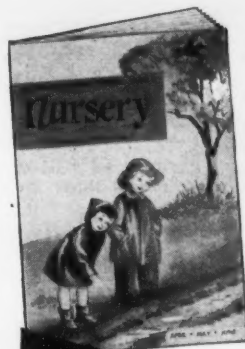
The preacher was praying now, and he got in about how Joe was always saying, "Anything for a pal," and the preacher made it sound like something right out of the Bible. Then it was time for Andy and the other pallbearers—all of them Joe's young friends—to move into place, and go with Joe out to the clean cemetery where there were evergreens and grass and things that Joe never had a chance to enjoy.

The story went into the papers. And out in California a woman saw Andy's picture, read about how he had sold his dog. She wrote to Mr. Hubert Mott, head of CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home and said, "Here is \$15. Can you find Andy and take him to 'Mont Lawn' for two weeks?"

Andy was found. "We're not sure," the Mont Lawn lady had to tell him. "You're 14 years old. We take children only through 11. But maybe—"

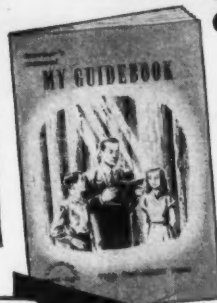
Andy looked up. He and Blackie had wanted to get to the country some day. Out to the green grass where a boy and his dog could run and tumble and not be afraid. He

(Continued on page 54)



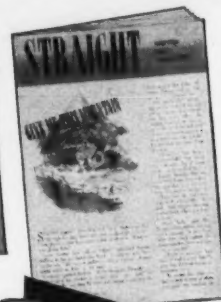
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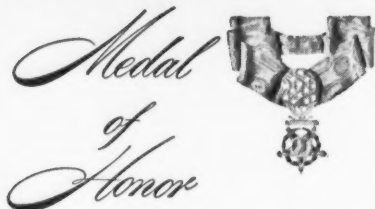
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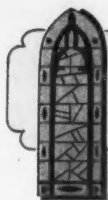
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Sunday School Lessons

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By Amos John Traver

• Sunday, August 5th

EARNING A LIVING

LUKE 12:13-21; II THESSALONIANS 3:7-10

IT MUST have been a startling experience to face Jesus. Those eyes of His saw everything. A young man, successful in business and morally upright, shrank away from Jesus when he was told, "Sell all you have and give it to the poor." The love of money was in his heart, and Jesus saw it. In our lesson a brother came with his grievance. It may be that his complaint was justified. Perhaps his brother had defrauded him. Many a life has been made bitter by such a sense of injustice. Jesus saw the real trouble. To get a part of his brother's possessions would not solve it, for greed of the goods of this world had blinded him to the truly good. He loved money more than he loved his brother. So Jesus refused to judge his case and instead warned him against covetousness. The story Jesus told he should never forget.

Many times Jesus preached on the dangers of wealth. He knew that much of the opposition to Him came from the Scribes and Pharisees who wanted no social revolution. They loved their luxuries. A money-lover had won a place among His closest friends, and would one day betray Him for the price of a slave. Greed and love can never dwell together in a man's heart.

A Christian must stand before Jesus as he earns his living. He must consider whether his Lord will be pleased with his occupation. God has called us into partnership. He is the silent Partner, the One who furnishes the capital and the raw products. It is our calling to produce something for the good of the world. If we cannot serve God through our work, we are in the wrong business.

In the story Jesus told, a farmer was prosperous. God has made the farmer a steward of the land. God gives life to the seed and the means for its growth. This farmer in his greed simply stored the surplus of his harvests. He built larger and larger barns. If he had recognized partnership with God, he would have distributed the surplus among some of God's other children. Business success should mean greater power to

help others. The underprivileged are all about us. If our occupation deserves God's blessing it must be a means not only of keeping us and our families alive, but it should also help us to serve others.

A Christian must be fair. If he is an employer, he will not seek to underpay those who work for him. If he is a business or professional man he dare not charge "what the traffic will bear" but considers what would be a reasonable return. If he is a workman, he will do his best for his employer's interests. He will give an honest day's work for a day's pay. More than that, if Christian employers and employees recognize their stewardship, they will be partners together with God, a team producing goods that will make life easier and happier for mankind.

Questions:

What is the definition of the word "covet"? Luther said that he would never have known the true nature of sin if he had not read the last commandment. How does coveting differ from sins like stealing and lying? Why is it called a "root sin"?

• Sunday, August 12th

THE USE OF MONEY

MATTHEW 7:12; 25:14,15, 19-30

"DEAR GOD, forgive our sins of omission as well as our sins of commission." How often have I heard my father voice that prayer! It is not difficult for any of us to confess the sins we have committed. Most of us do not readily admit that our omissions of duty are in the same class. To Jesus, failure to use our abilities in the interests of His Kingdom is sin.

In Jesus' story of the talents the wicked servant made no bad investments, tried no clever scheme to defraud His master; he simply did nothing but hide his talent in the ground. He had only one talent. Maybe he excused himself on that ground. He may have said, "Now if I had been given five talents or even two talents, I would have had enough capital to amount to something. What could I do with one little talent?" We hear excuses like that in the church. We must face the

facts frankly. Not to do according to our ability, great or small, is sin.

When we fail to do what we can with the talents God has placed in our care, the real sin is in our attitude toward Him. Our Master is also our Saviour. Good stewardship is expected of all God's children. By creation and preservation God is the true owner of all that we have and are. We owe Him the best possible use of it. As Christians we have a deeper reason for good stewardship. Through Jesus Christ the Fatherhood of God is a more intimate relationship. "God so loved the world . . ." As we think of Calvary our hearts must respond in love and gratitude. Love goes far beyond duty. It leads to no mathematical calculations as to the exact amount of time and talent and money we owe God. It is all His. In the light of the cross, we will rejoice in every opportunity to speak a word or do a deed for Jesus. Love will make us alert for good investments on the Lord's behalf. Instead of feeling resentment because we have fewer talents than others, we will be thankful that we have one talent that can be used for our Saviour.

THE TEST of the church is not in its great conventions and committees meeting around council tables. It is back in the home churches where the battle against evil is won or lost. Victory for Christ can come only through individual members of the church who apply their Christian principles to every relationship of life. Inspired by the love of Christ they miss no opportunity for Christian service. To them the Master says, "Well done, good and faithful servant; you have been faithful over a little; I will set you over much; enter into the joy of your Master."

Questions:

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• Sunday, August 19th

"RENDER UNTO CAESAR . . ."

LUKE 20:19-26; I PETER 2:13-17

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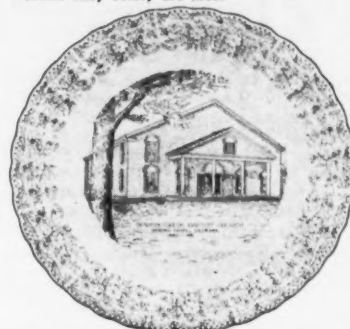
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keep their strangle-hold on the body politic." This is the cynical comment of a columnist. We hope he is wrong. But far greater issues were at stake in Jerusalem centuries ago. A Carpenter from Nazareth was catching the popular fancy. He proclaimed something more dangerous than surface reforms. He searched men's hearts and sent the light of truth into the religious and social life of Israel. There was no compromise in Him. He was not content to expose only the petty inconsistencies of the common people. He dared to examine the inner life of the religious leaders of the nation.

Time after time these representatives of established religion met to discuss Jesus. At first many of them had thought it possible that He might be the Messiah, or at least a divine prophet. Now most of them were sure that He was an impostor. He was becoming more dangerous. They had seen His power to move the people in His entry into Jerusalem. The people had acclaimed Him as King. If He was not stopped, He would displace the recognized leadership of Israel. He might lead to hasty revolt against Rome and upset their profitable under-cover deals with the government. So they plotted together how they might discredit Jesus before the people.

At last someone discovered the perfect trap for their purpose. We can picture the self-congratulations of these master-minds as they planned to ensnare their victim. They had a question that would either turn the people against Jesus or open Him to the charge of suggesting disobedience to the government. So they trooped out to the Temple court where they knew Jesus would be found. They began with flattery. How insulting to the intelligence of Jesus! "Teacher, we know that you speak and teach rightly, and show no partiality, but truly teach the way of God." Then they followed with their ensnaring question: "Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar, or not?" That was to be the pay-off!

Jesus was more than a match for them. He asked for a piece of Roman money. On the coin was Caesar's name and likeness. Jesus said to them, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." One can imagine that the faces of His enemies fell while the common people shouted in delight. The trappers were trapped.

Jesus did more than meet a difficult situation wisely. He offered a principle for the two-fold relationship of every Christian. We are citizens of two worlds. As long as our

loyalties do not clash, we can be good citizens of both worlds. Our governments protect and serve us in numberless ways. They are within God's plan for an orderly world.

When loyalties clash, then we must be willing to pay the price of obedience to the higher law. In our democracies it is our duty as citizens to use our votes and our influence to make our national policies Christian. When we fail and obedience to the laws of the land violates our consciences, we must accept our punishment. Even bad government is better than anarchy.

Questions:

How do you account for the failure of Jesus to attack directly many social sins, such as slavery, war and political graft? Rome was a corrupt, heathen empire and had conquered Israel by force of arms. Why did not Jesus organize an underground movement for national liberation? What part has He played in the growth of better government and larger human freedoms?

• Sunday, August 26th

CHRISTIANS IN PUBLIC LIFE

MATTHEW 5:13-16; 13-33; ACTS 5:25-29;
I PETER 3:13-16

CHRISTIANS are the conscience of the state. In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus offered principles that interpret Christian duty and destiny. He works through men and this sermon tells what kind of men He can use. Such men are sincere. They do not live on the surface. Their hearts are so fully dedicated to Him that love for Him becomes the root of their conduct. The love of Christ constrains. It is dynamic. Faith works or it dies. Christians cannot run away from their social relationships and be true to Christ. Shelter in a monastery means retreat from Christian duty. Staying away from the polls on election day is also retreat. Note the strong figures of speech Jesus uses to clarify our place in the world—salt, light and heaven.

Salt is a necessity for life. In the hot climate of Palestine it was essential for preserving food. It is antiseptic. It is refreshing. It gives taste to our meals and a lift to our bodily vigor. In many industrial plants salt tablets are provided the workers in hot weather. Christians are to be like salt in the world. They cleanse, preserve, protect and vitalize the nation.

Light is another necessity for life. It has many of the same functions as salt. In addition it makes it possible to see the way we should go. Christians have no source of light in themselves. They are reflectors of the light that shines into their souls from heaven. They are enlightened to en-

Just imagine!

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lighten. Sometimes they need to throw the searchlight of truth upon the life and work of their public officials. Always they need to express their Christian beliefs and show how they affect public action. Far too much national policy is made on the sole basis of national self-interest.

Leaven, in this instance, stands for the unseen influence that Christians can exert on society. One Christian who lives his faith can immeasurably influence his home, his church, his community and his world. No one in his right mind would want to live in a community where there were no Christians to make their influence felt. Good governments cannot always be traced to some great leader. Far more often it is the reflection of the personal lives of many of its citizens. They are Christ's men and women, and the mind of Christ has through them been written into the community life.

We need more Christians in public office. We do not discount the leavening influence of countless sincere Christians, when we call for more Christian leadership in our nation. Revelations of greed and graft in public life are frightening. Politics may be as surely a divine calling as the ministry. A very good man told me that he would not accept public office because he feared he could not withstand its temptations. Certainly the temptations are strong to make unholy alliances in order to secure election and to use the opportunities of office for personal gain. Shall a Christian permit the dangers and difficulties of political life to daunt him? A good friend, pastor of a great church in our national capital, speaks very highly of many of our members of Congress and other public officials. They often come to him to ask his counsel and prayers. We must encourage this type of public official. We must encourage our best young men and women to take their Christian faith into public life. Christ calls us as His disciples to be salt, light and leaven for the state. Will He call in vain?

Questions:

Do you think that Christian voters should consider the church relationship of a candidate for public office? Should this be the main consideration in voting? What are the dangers of holding public office? List the general qualifications.

Do the public officials in your community need more criticism or more encouragement? Does the attitude of your Christian people toward public officials encourage your finest young men and women to consider political careers? If not, what could your church do about it?

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(Continued from page 49)



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looked across the room at the twins watching him

"If you don't mind," he said bravely, "I'm going to be awful busy this summer. There's something I got to do." He paused, "But Steve and Ray—the twins. Could you take them?" The twins were on him in an instant, hugging him and yelling.

"We'll see," the Mont Lawn lady said. And she wrote to the good woman in California and explained how it was. "There are twins of eligible age. Would you like to send them both?" And the woman in California sent another check by airmail. "Both of them!" she wrote.

ANDY SPENT his summer at the river. He got one of the fellows to show him how to make his arms and legs go. While the other East side kids splashed and ducked and threw water on each other and tried to see all the crazy kinds of dives they could make off the curb and the pilings, Andy strove for endurance, clean, long strokes.

The cops were on them one day before they knew it. The others, close to shore, got away. Andy had to take his time coming in, and the big cop Hegerty was there to grab him when he climbed up.

"Well, let's go," Andy said angrily, whipping his hair back out of his eyes. "What are you waiting for?"

The big cop looked out over the turbid water. "How come you do that? I've seen you before swimming as if your life depended on it—when the other kids are fooling around."

The big cop Hegerty got the story out of him. How he had come down here almost every day. How he even got a book from the library about great swimmers.

"It's going to be too cold down here before long," Hegerty mused. "How would you like to swim in a real pool—and learn a lot more from guys who know how?"

And all that winter, Andy swam at the community-house pool. He was good—earned his Junior Red Cross lifesaving certificate.

They knew all about it at home. "You ought to see the pool they have at 'Mont Lawn,'" the twins told him. "You look out and see the trees and the mountains." Andy noticed how much more alert Steve and Ray were since they had been away. Even at the table they were holding up everyone until the two of them said in unison the blessing they had been taught at "Mont Lawn." The whole family was soon saying it.

"Yes, that would be nice," Andy

agreed, shutting his eyes and imagining how it would be. "But look, how would you like to learn the Australian crawl? Now here's the way—" He lay down across the bed and tried to demonstrate. The twins laughed, and piled on top of him.

In the spring, a worker from "Mont Lawn" making a routine follow-up check on the family learned about Andy's achievement.

"Andy is an unselfish boy," his mother said. "He sold his dog to help Joe." She smiled fondly as she remembered that evening when Andy had come into the kitchen, Blackie hidden under his shirt. "He gave up his chance at 'Mont Lawn' to the twins. And all this time he has been learning to swim. Officer Hegerty tells me that Andy is a champ. He always was," she added. "But he has his blue days, too. I guess he thinks about Joe. If someone could give him just a bit of encouragement—"

Back at **CHRISTIAN HERALD** Children's Home on the broad, silver Hudson, far from the city's heat and hurry, Director Hubert Mott read the report on Andy and the twins. Why shouldn't a boy, a good boy, have a bit of encouragement? Wasn't that part of the job of church people—and "Mont Lawn"—to give a pat on the back when it was needed, maybe change the set of a boy's sails for life?

THAT'S HOW it was that a few weekends later, a lad stood straight-legged at the end of the blue waters of Diebold Pool. He had his arms crossed and his eyes darted from side to side as a hundred happy, shouting youngsters splashed up and down. It was Andy.

On the front of his swim suit was a red emblem, cut out and sewed by Mrs. Mott. In proud letters it read, *Special Lifeguard*.

Andy looked up, and he could see the trees and the mountains, just as the twins had said. Across the road on the sloping hill was the broad expanse of green lawn. There was a dog up there, too. Andy could hear him barking as he romped with some lucky boy. Andy would go up there after a while and see how it felt.

But right now, he was on duty. The swimming counselor by his side had told him, "We have a big job, Andy, you and I." Andy had nodded, his chest fairly bursting.

He wished Joe could see him. "Can you give a look, Joe?" he half-whispered, and he could almost hear Joe laughing, like the boy up on the green grass, and saying, "Sure. Anything for a pal."

THE END

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited by
**BETTY JUNG
FITZSIMMONS**



"MA"

IT WAS a dark night, so they tell me, I didn't know anything about it, because it was the night my twin brother and I were born. But then all nights as well as days were dark in my country before she came and brought us Light.

It was fortunate that she was there, for she saved my life. In my country the birth of twins is considered unnatural. They say that the father of one twin must be an evil spirit. Since they cannot tell which twin it is, both are killed, and the mother too.

Somehow she got word that we were born and hurried to help us. We were lying on the ground, for no one would touch us, not even our father. She had

one man make a stretcher and on it she placed our mother and us. Then she forced some of the men standing around to carry the stretcher to her home. They were afraid to touch it because they believed that the evil spirit which had brought us into the world would strike them dead instantly.

So great was the fear attached to the birth of twins that we could not use the regular path to her hut. No one else would ever again have used it. So a new path was hacked out of the forest.

Tired though she was, when we arrived at her home she tended us all—making beds for my brother and me from boxes, and finding a cot for my

mother. Only when she was sure that we could be left for a while did she rest. Utterly exhausted, she lay down on the dirt floor and went to sleep.

When my mother was well, she persuaded my father to take her home. But my brother and I stayed at her house. We were just two of the many she had taken in. She was determined to save us all if she could. She wanted to prove that twin children were "natural" and precious in the sight of God.

Mary Slessor had left Scotland to come to Calabar, Africa, to teach my people to know the love of God. She told us about Him and showed us Him by her Christ-like life. No plea for help was refused even though it might involve danger to her, and usually it did.

Facing deadly insects, snakes and animals, horrible diseases, drunken warriors bent on killing anyone in their way, she met and helped everyone. No wonder everyone from the lowliest slave to the most powerful chief called her "Ma"—our title of respect and love.

Many were the changes that she made in the way our people lived. Our men treated their many wives more kindly. Children were better cared for. A prisoner no longer had to take the poisonous *ascere* bean to prove his innocence (if he died he was guilty). When someone dies, no one else is killed to provide company for the departing spirit.

Yes, Mary Slessor changed many of our fashions, but the best one, I think, was getting my people to accept twins and mothers of twins.

What Do YOU Think?

ONE morning Granddaddy, Uncle Dan and grandson, ten-year-old Corky, went to town to see about buying a pony. Fortunately they saw one they liked. Grandmother called the man who sold ponies. He said, "I think we can bring her tomorrow." You can certainly guess how excited Corky was. He came running into the kitchen where Virginia the cook was and said, "Virginia, guess what, tomorrow the pony is coming and I'm to take care of her." "Why that's fine, what's her name?" said Virginia. "I really don't know," he answered. That night Corky could hardly sleep.

The next morning Corky was thinking steadily about the pony. After breakfast he waited and waited but no pony. Finally at 11:30 a pretty big truck came up the

road. On the top was a red and gray pony cart. First the man put the pony in her new stall and then they unloaded the cart. After all was taken care of Corky had his chance. He went up to the man and asked what the pony's name was. The man answered, "You'll probably want to change it but we've been calling her Tiddleywinks." Corky decided it would be easier for the pony if her name was kept Tiddleywinks.

From then on Corky fed, watered, curried and brushed Tiddley. Also, but not so often, he cleaned her stall.

One Sunday Corky had a surprise for his mother. He took her to church in the pony cart. On the way back Corky's mother had to get out, because Corky thought the hill would be too much for Tiddleywinks.

—Clark (Corky) Poling, Jr., age 10
Guilford, Conn.

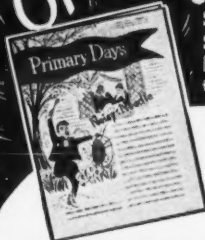
My Favorite PRAYER



In my breakfast place
I say my daily grace.
My Lord it is to,
He Our Father so true.
It is He who makes
The flowers, stars, and lakes.
I thank Him for the night,
I thank Him for the light,
It is He who made the tea,
It is God who made the sea.
He showed me the way
And brought me through the day.

—Millie Don Wendorf, age 10
Simms, Louisiana

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THE LORD'S SUPPER BY RADIO

(Continued from page 22)

thoughts—clean, refreshing ideas to think about during long inactive hours, hymns of hope, words from the wisest Book of all. But still something was lacking—and that was the Lord's Supper. Dr. Oman, risking criticism, decided to do something about it.

One Sunday morning after his call to worship and invocation, he announced that those of the listening congregation who, later in the service, would like to receive Holy Communion, should provide themselves with a tiny cube of bread and a small glass of fruit juice or water. Then a hymn was sung, allowing time for the two elements to be placed by the radio. Dr. Oman preached that morning on the meaning of the Lord's Supper. He invited all those worshipping to accept Christ as Lord and to receive "the broken bread and shed blood of Christ," wherever they were. Then, at his direction and in the

stirring words of Scripture, first the bread, followed by the cup. The hundreds of participants felt that they "belonged"—some of them for the first time in years. They knew that the pastor was communing with them, and others caught together by the magic of radio. *Together* they were bowing "in remembrance." The bond of common faith had been made real.

The letter response surprised even Dr. Oman. He was stirred by the words of gratitude. Now the radio communion service is a regular practice. Each observance is announced ahead of time in the church's bulletin which goes to all shut-in members, and in the local newspaper—giving ample opportunity for the slight preparation needed.

In Trenton, the memorial supper has at last come to the forgotten faithful! And it can happen anywhere.

—KENNETH L. WILSON

HOW THOSE DEAD SEA SCROLLS CAME TO LIGHT

(Continued from page 22)

ing them. The coarse-looking Bedouins explained their presence and showed the priest the rolls, several of them wrapped in dirty cloth. Doubting their tale, the priest opened some scrolls and recognized the script as Hebrew.

"These are not Syriac manuscripts," Father Boulos said. "The Archbishop is not interested in them. Take them to the Jewish school."

The Bedouins insisted on seeing the Archbishop, saying he had sent for them, but Father Boulos remained firm and ordered them away. The disgusted smugglers departed, willing now to peddle their scrolls to anyone at any price, and the sooner the better. As they came into the market place of Jerusalem they met a Jewish merchant and showed him the scrolls. The merchant offered a large sum of money for them but said they would have to go to his office to receive it.

Here were an Arab and a Jew doing business together on a street in the Holy City! It was, to put it mildly, an uncommon sight, for the two peoples were warring at this time and cordially hated and distrusted one another.

The alert Syrian merchant, tagging along after the Bedouins, knew of their mutual animosity and was anxious to have his own Archbishop purchase the manuscripts. He told the smugglers it was a trick and that they would be betrayed to the authorities and jailed. Had they forgotten the Antiquities Law, which

required persons immediately to report all discoveries to the government?

When they heard this, the Bedouins took to their heels, following the Syrian merchant back to Bethlehem. There one was persuaded to leave the scrolls in the Bethlehem merchant's shop with assurance they would be safe. The other Bedouin took his share and went to the Moslem Sheikh in the city.

Meanwhile, in the Assyrian monastery, Father Boulos laughingly informed the Archbishop of the Bedouins' visit, and was much chagrined to learn that he had been hasty. Considerably upset over the mistake, the prelate called the Bethlehem merchant, and heard of the episode in the market place. The Archbishop asked him to try again to get the Bedouins to come to Jerusalem.

Two Saturdays later one Bedouin did return to the monastery and sold five scrolls. The price: a handful of coins. Was it a bargain for the Archbishop? Today those scrolls are valued at a half million dollars, if indeed one can affix a price to their true worth! The other manuscripts taken to the Sheikh, numbering six and of lesser importance, were purchased by the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

Thus the safety of the Dead Sea Scrolls finally was secured, eight months after their original discovery in the hillside cave.

Now the task of identifying the contents and age of the scrolls remained.

In order to verify the discovery, the Archbishop dispatched one of his priests, Father Yusef, to visit the cave with the Syrian merchant. At Ain El Feshkhah, the priest and the merchant discovered pieces of cloth, bits of manuscripts and broken jars strewn along the cave floor. Only one jar remained in perfect condition. That night the two men bedded down and slept amidst the debris inside the cave. The next day the intensity of the scorching August sun forced them to leave the desert area and return to the Assyrian monastery by the Jordan River. They departed emptyhanded, though they would have taken the one unbroken jar if it had not been too heavy to carry in the heat.

The Archbishop's conviction that the scrolls were of early Christian origin received many setbacks during the next five months, enough to make him at times regret that he had paid even the paltry sum that he did. Several Syrian and Jewish experts visited the monastery and told him he had been swindled.

Others claimed it was impossible that the scrolls could be 2000 years old, and there seemed to be basis for their opinions. For after all, the earliest biblical manuscripts then known dated from the Ninth Century A.D.

By this time, news of the scrolls had reached many scholars in Jerusalem. A few, who perhaps suspected the manuscripts to be authentic, tried to buy them from the Archbishop, but this only strengthened his belief that they were truly ancient and valuable writings. Still the prelate found no one to support his views and he was at the point of wrapping up the scrolls and storing them in the library of the monastery.

But something happened in February of 1948 that caused the Archbishop to make one more attempt at identifying the scrolls. One of his priests recalled having visited the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem about ten years before and having been received in a friendly way. The priest's suggestion to call the school was followed.

Dr. John C. Trevor, acting director of the American School, answered the call and hastened to the monastery, where he photographed the scrolls. Other American officials also identified the manuscripts, and in March of 1948—more than a year after the original discovery—the Archbishop was made aware for the first time of the real significance of his manuscripts. The Dead Sea Scrolls were the most important biblical documents discovered in ten centuries! (Continued next page)

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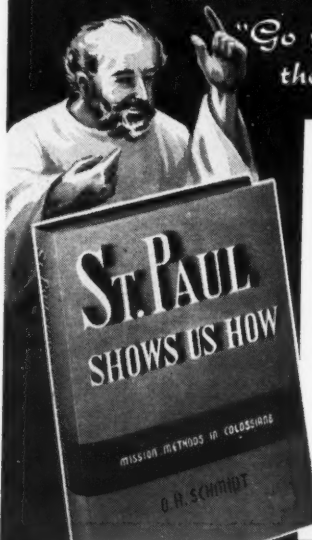
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LOSE WEIGHT OR MONEY BACK

The following month, news of the find was wired all over the world.

In January, 1949, the Archbishop brought the scrolls to the United States, where their eventual translation and study has generated as much heated contention as light and fascination.

The most important of the Dead Sea Scrolls is one in almost perfect condition, measuring 23 feet, 9 inches when unrolled. It contains the complete text, in Hebrew, of the book of Isaiah. Experts date it in the first or second century B.C.

Two of the scrolls together form the Manual of Discipline, a non-biblical work which sets forth the rites, beliefs and rules of discipline of an ancient Jewish sect. Scholars believe all the Dead Sea Scrolls belonged to this sect, and were hidden in the cave during frequent invasions by foreign tribes.

Another manuscript contains a commentary on the book of Habakkuk and is the most ancient biblical commentary now known. Its chief importance is that it interprets the prophecies of the book of Habakkuk as having been fulfilled in the early history of the Jewish sect that owned these scrolls.

But the last scroll belonging to the Archbishop has created the greatest interest among biblical scholars. The manuscript has not yet been opened because of its extreme brittleness. It is, in fact, so badly preserved that scholars estimate it will require six months of work with special chemicals to loosen the parchment and unroll it.

Only the first few lines of the unopened scroll can be seen, and they suggest that the text is the Lost Book of Lamech. These lines tell of a conversation between Lamech, the father of Noah, and his own father, Methusaleh, about the birth of an "unusual child" (Noah). Causing immense anxiety among scholars is the fact the manuscript is the only one in the lot written in Aramic—the language spoken by Jesus.

Less is known of the scrolls in possession of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. So far they have been identified and named (1) "The War Between the Children of Light and the Children of Darkness," giving detailed descriptions of ancient Jewish armies and their wars with hostile nations; (2) "The Hymn of Thanksgiving," composed of four scrolls very poorly preserved and similar in style to the Psalms; and (3) a copy of the latter part of Isaiah.

The Dead Sea Scrolls have served to strengthen the belief of the average Bible reader in the accuracy of present-day versions of the Old Testa-

ment. The Isaiah scroll, for example—closer by several centuries to the original than any previously known copy—agrees amazingly with our current Isaiah texts.

Benefit to historians and scholars is even greater, for the Dead Sea Scrolls present a picture of religious conditions that existed in the century before Christ.

The few dissenters argue that the whole discovery was a hoax, that the word of Bedouins and particularly of smugglers is not reliable and that the scrolls are no older than the Middle Ages.

Most British experts, usually conservative, agree with the earliest date, despite their disappointment at not receiving the privilege of examining and translating the scrolls. When informed of the discovery, they dispatched one of their archaeologists with an Arab legion to excavate the cave. The remnants collected from the digging consisted of pots, herds, a lamp and hundreds of manuscript fragments, some of which have been dated even earlier than the Dead Sea Scrolls.

THE BIG question is what happened to the rest of the scrolls which were stored in the 47-odd jars and were part of these fragments. Evidence indicates the cave was broken into during the early Roman period, but there is also the strong possibility that the Bedouin smugglers returned and took the rest of the scrolls when their value became evident. Palestinian authorities have been unable to locate the Bedouins, who are hiding out for fear of being jailed either for breaking the Antiquities Law or for dealing in contraband. So the story of the Dead Sea Scrolls may have still another chapter concealed in the hangouts of desert gangsters.

Archbishop Samuel brought the scrolls to this country mainly to comply with an agreement with the American Schools of Oriental Research which made the scrolls available for study for a three-year period. His long-range objective, yet to be accomplished, was to sell the scrolls here after his pact with the American school ran out, which it did officially last March.

The Archbishop doesn't want the money for himself. He intends to use part of it to help the thousands of Syrian orphans in the Near East, and the rest to repair his war-damaged monastery and especially the Assyrian Orthodox Church of St. Mark's in Jerusalem. That church is better remembered as the home of Mary, mother of St. Mark, and the place where Jesus and the Apostles broke bread at the Last Supper. **THE END**

ARE THESE MY CHURCH MANNERS?

By EVELYN L. NELSON

IN THE sight of other worshippers in the same House of God, how do our church manners rate? Can we say, in all sincerity, "My church manners are above reproach at all times?"

At all times? If so, we must remember that includes whatever we say or do before, during or after church services. Only in this way can we determine whether our church manners are good, bad or indifferent. Draw a circle around YES or NO in answer to the following questions. Then see page 61 for your score.

1. During those first moments in church do I bow my head in silent prayer and meditation instead of using that time to scan through the church bulletin just received?
YES NO

2. Do I make it a habit to sit toward the front or middle of the church, leaving the back rows for latecomers and parents with small children who may prefer to sit there?
YES NO

3. If I am not physically handicapped, do I move toward the middle of the pew instead of monopolizing the end seat with a thou-shalt-not-take look given latecomers who, if they are to find a seat, must first crawl over my feet?
YES NO

4. Do I in like spirit make the seat next to me available for *anyone* who wants it instead of whispering, "Sorry, but I'm saving this seat for a friend"?
YES NO

5. Before and during services do I refrain from staring around with a I'm-going-to-see-who's-in-church-today look?
YES NO

6. Do I share my hymnbook when there are not enough for individual use or when my neighbor is a stranger unfamiliar with the order of worship in my church?
YES NO

7. Do I give public witness of my praise of God and dependence upon the power of prayer by wholeheartedly joining in the singing of hymns and in the prayers voiced by the congregation instead of remaining silent as though I am a conscientious objector?
YES NO

8. When someone whose voice I do not particularly like is singing the solo part of the choir anthem, do I refrain from whispering a derogatory comment to a friend or relative seated next to me?
YES NO

9. Do I listen attentively while the choir sings instead of using any part of that time to go rattling through the contents of my purse or pocket for my church envelope?
YES NO

10. On the occasions when I give a dollar or more to some special cause not included in my church envelope, do I fold my bill before placing it on the collection plate so

that only God knows the denomination of my bill?
YES NO

11. Do I listen to all of the sermon instead of going off into my own thoughts when the subject matter gets personal and something is said that makes me feel uncomfortable because I know I'm guilty?
YES NO

12. During the sermon do I refrain from any side comments?
YES NO

13. After church is over, do I remember to thank the minister whenever the sermon has been particularly helpful in touching upon something that has been troubling me?
YES NO

14. Am I careful not to say, "I liked your sermon today," accenting the word *today* as though there were many other times when I found the sermons sadly lacking in spiritual uplift?
YES NO

15. Am I aware of my own faults so that I never tell the minister, "That was a good sermon. Too bad the people who should have heard it stayed home today"?
YES NO

16. After church services do I put the emphasis of my immediate conversation upon some mention of the sermon or other part of the service rather than on who wore what and who was with whom?
YES NO

17. Do I make it a point once in a while to stop and tell members of the choir, the director and organist how much they added to the service?
YES NO

18. Do I make a special point to speak to newcomers and persons who have recently joined the church, making them feel welcome?
YES NO

19. Do I invite people to the social activities and prayer meetings of the church in such a friendly way that they will feel they are going to be missed if absent?
YES NO

20. First and last, is Christ such a permanent Guest in my life that people with whom I come in contact during the week are as aware of His presence there as those who see me worshipping on Sunday?
YES NO

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ROAD'S END

(Continued from page 23)

roses, sprawling in the sun, too many peony bushes to count and everywhere lavish iris. Once the property has been cleaned out, it shall remain wild. No more manicured grounds!

Our romantic hearts rejoice in views from an upstairs porch, a bluebird swinging on the green bough, and in the fact that our next-door neighbors are nuns. Between us and their house there is grass, great trees, ploughed fields. We have seen them walking there, and suddenly the landscape is not New England but France. Far beyond where the road turns left or travels uphill is a seminary. The bells ring; we can hear them. This is a very peaceful spot. And we did not realize how much we required peace.

BUT WE are not altogether romantic; we are also practical. Though exposed beams in two rooms upstairs enchant us, we are also happy to know the driveway is exceedingly short—which means no snow plough—and that the roofs are of slate.

By the time August comes the move will have been accomplished. All the books which I have chosen will sit in the study shelves—for there is a study—and in those built into the other rooms. The furniture and pictures will look at home; even the rugs and curtains fit. If only we could press buttons and be transported together with our goods and chattels without the customary concomitants of moving: aching feet, painful backs, and dust in the sinuses!

It is obvious to us that there is a good deal to be done, quite apart from the clearing of the grounds and the rescue of a little garden from the ubiquitous jungle of weed and vine. For the time being we must forget that cedars grow up through pines, and honeysuckle tangles everywhere. We must think of matters like a new heating system.

First things first, the necessary things, those compatible with comfort. After that, the small amount of remodeling, done slowly, the fitting a house to a family, like a glove.

Nothing worthwhile is achieved with ease and dispatch, I think. Between one house and the other lie the innumerable tasks, the packing and discarding, the weariness, the decisions. All through the spring I lay awake pondering upon minute details: the notifications of changes of address, the interminable legalities, the wrenching steps one is forced to take. But eventually these are taken; we depart, and arrive.

Curiously enough the house is, in

miniature, the one we must leave. It's older, and much quieter because of its situation, but the features are there. For a study and a library there's the two in one, for a sunporch downstairs there's a bigger one upstairs, for a big stone terrace there's a small one tucked into a much less public angle of the house, away from the road. A fine place for breakfasting, for a tray lunch, a light supper, as the birds call from the trees and the sun starts to set. For forty-six lilacs—far too many—count six or eight, and instead of four great beds of valley lilies, look for, and find, one—but it will spread.

I have come to the conclusion that life was never intended to mark time or stand static. We had done in fifteen years all that could be done to the home we bought in 1936 . . . planting, planning. Nothing remained but to, as they say, keep it up. In those three words there is an almost superhuman effort, for in these times assistance is not easily come by and, when it comes at all, bears a high price tag. Now we start over again, and in reclamation, rehabilitation, and the making a house into home, there is always excitement and interest. This time we must do it cautiously and slowly, bit by bit. This time no new building and very little planting. This time, once the furnace is in, the well and the chimneys checked, no swarm of workmen. I recall a summer in which twenty-two men ran busily over grounds and house, and for months.

THAT HOUSE was for four growing children and two adults. Therefore six bedrooms and four baths, two upstairs dens, a utility room; therefore for the assistance we needed and could then procure, a cottage, and also, over the garage an apartment. Now we are two women alone, with one of the children home weekends, the others, for occasional visits. So three bedrooms to start, and two baths, suit us very well and at a later date, the second-floor back will yield a bedroom-study for the boy who will be working in New York—if not on the high seas as a Reservist in the U.S. Navy. There'll be a bed on the sleeping porch and one in the attic, in reserve, for the youngsters who may come home.

Two of them, before we took possession of the new place, and with the owners' permission, planted a dwarf apple tree near the little pool—a stick, it was, foolish and naked. But by May it had put forth buds. It's supposed to bear five kinds of apples but we

do not demand this Herculean feat; we ask only that it grow.

I have been wondering, is there black alder, the true American holly, on the new property? It likes swamps, and I recall one dark November day when, returning by train from Boston in a driving rain, I saw quantities of it standing, blazing bright and red, a flag of courage along the way. We had some in the old place. What about the new? I can't identify it before the berries come, so I shall wait till autumn to see. If there's none, we'll buy two or three and set them out in the damp ground in the woods, and let them grow there to hearten us when the year turns dark and sullen, when the rain beats down, slants across the windows and the wind has a feel of early snow.

NOW, IN a measure, we travel light, as befits folk no longer young. We take with us only what we need, augmented by the most treasured things collected over the years. For a time, we will keep these cherished, if not necessary, adjuncts to living packed away. Little by little we will find or build space for them; eventually they will come out of hiding and become part of the house we live in. But only those inanimate objects which speak to us with too strong a voice to ignore—the ivories my grandfather brought from China at the end of his mission there, the old, lovely things brought also from China by family or friends—a pair of rice bowls and a plate from the imperial factories, a Sung bowl of Celadon, a Goddess of Mercy in Ming *blanc de chine*, the loveliest of the snuff-bottle collection and of the little boxes. . .

Space too for the Sheraton knife caddy, the tea caddy, and for family photographs, as well as the framed Staffordshire pomade lid, the tiny petit-point landscape I made for my mother when I was miles from home in Germany in 1914, and the farmhouse picture created in wool, embroidered by a member of the family now gone from us.

I believe this is what God intended: a moving on, a winnowing, a starting over again, not on the same scale, not an effort to accumulate, as before, but a return to essentials, keeping only those possessions essential to living, to a reasonable amount of comfort together with those important to heart or spirit. Things which stand for love and friendship, as the old brush holder and scholar's arm rest which are on my desk.

The children are now saddled with bits and pieces of family silver, with the pictures which once hung in their rooms, with china and glass. But they are young; the polishing, dusting,

washing, will not be as burdensome to them. All these they remember from their growing up, transplanted from their old home to their new homes; they will speak to them of continuity. Come Christmas we will not have as great a tree, so I shall send to the two who will have their own trees the ornaments which are less fragile; some date back a quarter of a century. These they can preserve for their children. In one house there is now a little girl, who will be old enough by Christmas to watch the tree lights with radiant eyes.

It's a curious thing how, once having come to a decision, once having faced whatever you must know of grief or regret, you find the spirit rallies and eagerly goes forward.

The other day we saw a motion picture called "Beaver Valley," photographed in color, dealing mainly with the life, times, and hard labor of the beaver. But there were other characters, all manner of beasts and birds. These played themselves against an incomparable background. And a week or so later I read a long article on the ways of the bee. And it seemed incomprehensible to me, as it always does, that there are people who do not believe in God. Surely only the Great Intelligence could create the wonders in the world, the marvelous ingenuity of animals, birds, insects, the wheeling of the stars, the fidelity of sunrise. These are not accidents. But the man who does not believe says carelessly, "Nature."

Of course, Nature . . . but certainly that is only the manifestation of God.

August is a haze upon the hills, dust upon the drooping leaf; already in the high sections, in the mountains not too far away, a leaf here and there is brushed with warning red. It is altogether fitting that when autumn comes blazing, with winter on its heels, we should be settled in the new house, the first hearth fires burning, the old walls closing around us, not as prison walls but as quiet arms. And then we shall look forward, not back, as He who will be with us in this house, as in every other, intended.

CHURCH MANNERS

(See page 59)

By counting five points for every YES answer, and totaling them we should be able to make one of the following statements regarding our church manners: **100**—"My church manners are above reproach!"; **95**—"They are in good standing most of the time!"; **90**—"They are in good standing at least part of the time!"; **85** or less—"I do need a different approach to bring my church manners above reproach!"

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THE New Books

by **DANIEL A. POLING**

CHARIOT IN THE SKY, by Arna Bontemps (Winston, 234 pp., \$2.50).

The colorful and dramatic story of the immortal Jubilee Singers who brought fame to Fisk University and made the Negro spiritual of America a classic in the world of music, has now been told with fervor and authority. Nearly eight years after the close of the Civil War, eleven young colored Americans stood in the court of Queen Victoria and sang their haunting melodies. From then until now the world has been listening with "wonder and amaze." Only a few months before the queen wept as they sang, these youths were stranded in an American city, penniless and rejected. They had gone out to save their struggling college and now had to be rescued themselves. This book opens with Caleb Willows, one of those eleven, who at 16 was a slave making a break for liberty. From these pages we learn that today new freshmen at Fisk gather in the chapel each fall and listen breathlessly to the story behind the painting which hangs there—the portrait by Queen Victoria's own court artist of eleven boys and girls who gave the Negro spiritual to the world and, in doing so, saved the life of their own school. I just can't help liking this book, and weeping a little over it.

A SOLDIER'S STORY, by Omar N. Bradley (Holt, 618 pp., \$5).

With typical forthrightness, Omar N. Bradley tells his story of the war. One of the nation's most brilliant tacticians and equally a great human being, General Bradley minces no words, spares no figures whatever their proportions, but is impressively considerate and unmistakably honest. He knows what he believes and believes what he knows so profoundly that he makes you believe what he does—in nearly every instance he wins his case, I think, with the popular jury.

HANDBOOK OF DENOMINATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES, by Frank S. Mead (Abingdon Cokesbury, 207 pp., \$2.75).

This is the book that we have waited for. Two hundred twenty-five denominations—the compact account of history, doctrines, distinctive characteristics and the present status of each are included. The arrangement is alphabetical. Proof has been read and corrected by denominational authorities so that the claim for

accuracy is fully sustained. The fact that church statistics at the rear of the volume show a few minor mistakes does not invalidate this claim for the volume itself—and the author is not responsible for even these errors. The index is a big help. Mr. Mead is a recognized authority in this field. Editor now of one distinguished publishing house, he is a consistent contributor to such magazines as *Reader's Digest*, *CHRISTIAN HERALD* and *Christian Century*.

MAN AND STATE, by Eivind Berggrav (Muhlenberg Press, Philadelphia, 319 pp., \$4).

The two most heroic churchmen of World War II were Niebuhr of Germany and Berggrav of Norway. The Lutheran bishop of the Viking country proved himself a twentieth-century Viking of the Christian faith. For this man the subject of his book, "Unpleasant Christian," presents one of the most crucial and inescapable religious problems of our times. The question raised and answered is, "How does a Christian face a totalitarian state?" Among his conclusions is this: "An awful day of judgment will come upon us if we do not now put the label 'knave' on those of our contemporaries who are responsible for the present state of affairs and who refuse to recognize that there is a thread of continuity throughout." It concludes that, "The issue will depend on whether or not enough of Christianity can be found in the next two decades." He does not believe that the state will become Christian. He does believe that Christianity to heaven the lump of the world must be an "unpleasant Christianity." He would be happy with the most austere Puritans. He closes with the dramatic lecture, illegally distributed in Norway during Nazi occupation, and with these words: "A Christian has two weapons, the word and suffering."

LOVE—THE LAW OF LIFE, by Toyohiko Kagawa (Macalester Park Publishing Co., St. Paul, 95 pp., \$1.25).

This classic gem from the pen and soul of Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa analyzes, in eloquent poetic prose, love in its various aspects. Here a great soul speaks to both mind and heart on art, marriage, sex, economics—and both God and man.

CHANGING CONCEPTS OF THE BIBLE, by Werner Wolff (Hermitage, 463 pp., \$5).

Psychologist, anthropologist, theologian and historian will discover in this scholarly volume material of absorbing and even startling interest. Here "is the first retracing of the biblical symbols, the true meaning of which has been lost from our thinking." Here religious leaders will find, and perhaps be startled by the discovery, that many of our religious beliefs may be based upon misconceptions of the ancient texts. The author has sought to translate the Scriptures and the thoughts of the original authors. Definitely not a conservative or orthodox volume.

THE WALL OF SEPARATION BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE, by Conrad H. Moehlman (Beacon Press, 239 pp., \$3).

This author believes that the Roman Catholic Church is undermining the "wall"—or attempting to do so. The book has a purpose. It would warn Americans—all Americans but particularly non-Catholic Americans—of a great danger. The pages are crowded with controversial material. Our Catholic comrades will not like it any more than they did Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power." "No" is the answer to the insistence of Catholicism that the First Amendment means equal and just monetary gifts to all American churches and schools. Conrad Moehlman declares, "My study demonstrates that Judge Wiley Rutledge and the U.S. Supreme Court were right, not O'Neill and the bishops."

APRIL SNOW, by Lillian Budd (Lippincott, 317 pp., \$3).

The moving story of a courageous woman living on a small island off the coast of Sweden and her successful struggle against a hard and primitive life. Sigrid faces, day by day, the difficulties of an unhappy marriage to the morose Peter; she weaves, cooks, tends the cattle and ploughs the fields of her lonely farm. She mothers her eleven children with perceptive love and understanding. Readers will find a symbol of the woman who endears herself to others and endures for herself. But life on the farm is not all grim struggle; there is teeming fun and romance.

It is a vital, dynamic, heartwarming novel of character and spiritual achievement. Sigrid is a woman of moral proportions and triumphant character. Here is an author of versatility and literary authority. "April Snow" is evocative of Sigrid Undset's "Kristin Lavransdatter" and Gulbrandsen's "Beyond Sing the Woods."

RETURN TO PARADISE, by James A. Michener (Random House, 437 pp., \$3.50).

Stories from the Pacific, written in the dramatic, realistic and often offensive style of the author of "Tales of the South Pacific." There is rare beauty of language at the tip of this author's pen and descriptive qualities in fine prose unsurpassed anywhere.

A WOMAN CALLED FANCY, by Frank Yerby (Dial Press, 340 pp., \$3).

A swiftly moving story, rather incredible yet strangely convincing—as when truth is stranger than fiction. The heroine, born of mountain poverty and ignorance, wins her way to the social heights. At the beginning her only assets are beauty, courage and native intelligence but finally she emerges in radiant maturity. All other characters are minor but they fill in and complete the picture which covers a broad canvas of the period. Not for church libraries.

AUGUST 1951

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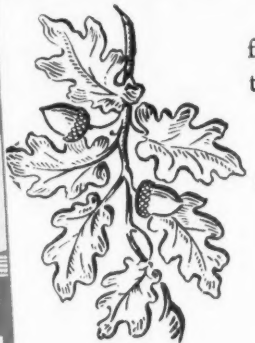
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FATHER OF THE LITTLE JETTS

(Continued from page 29)

afternoons at the swimming hole or reading penny-dreadfuls in the hay-loft on rainy days. His parents were poor, the farm was poorer. From toddler, he became almost immediately a worker, helping his father. A few years later, Smith, Sr. took sick, became incapacitated and soon died, leaving complete responsibility of farm and family to young Wade. Life was hard and bitter for him, but not indomitable; it was an anvil on which was being shaped the man he was to become.

At 12 he became a Western Union messenger; three years later he was a telegraph operator. Next he landed with the Associated Press in Atlanta handling dispatches for the *Constitution*. After a few years of this, he became a cotton broker in Alabama.

"I was making \$150 a month then," Mr. Smith reminisced, "which was enough to support my mother and myself and help provide for my brothers and sisters. But I had met and become engaged to the lovely girl who eventually became my wife and I was disturbed because I just couldn't afford to get married then.

"However," he continued with a broad grin, "an otherwise well-meaning friend reminded me of the old saw that blithely maintains that two can live on less than one, and I decided to try it. That there is not a shred of truth in this old saying I quickly discovered. Although we were then, and—bless her memory—we continued to be, completely happy together, with the first of our six children coming along, we couldn't meet our financial obligations and I found myself heavily in debt. It was then that my boss started me in a branch business in Jackson, Mississippi."

Mr. Smith paused, rubbed a strong hand over his wide jaw. "But let me tell you right here of a big truth in my life. I was never able to pay my debts, to get ahead in business, to feel successful, until I began to tithe. Then, with that good habit established, it was not long before I had paid off all accounts, with interest, learned to live within my income and begun to save money. At last I was prepared to start my own business."

And in Jackson, in 1905, the sign W. C. SMITH—COTTON EXPORTER hung over the office of a flourishing concern. But not for long. One night the fire alarm sounded and Mr. Smith arrived just in time to see the last of \$40,000 worth of cotton disappear in flames. For a long time he stood there, staring at the smoking ashes.

"It was a great disaster," Mr. Smith

recalled, "and I was sorely tried. But a quietly mounting upsurge of my spirit told me this was not the end; it was the beginning. It was my sign from on high. My business and material self had perished in the flames, but from the ashes, phoenix-like, my spiritual self arose. I knew now I was meant to serve the Lord.

"It was the turning point in my life. It had taken the complete ruin of my business to bring me there.

"I wasn't quite sure how the Lord meant me to serve Him, but I knew He would guide me. I moved to Ridgeland, ten miles away, secured a clerking position and devoted all my free time to church work."

It wasn't very long before he was asked to serve as superintendent of the Sunday school. By applying his acute business sense to this job, the school began to grow. In time it drew outside attention. Soon Mr. Smith was named to head all Sunday-school work in his denomination in Mississippi. "I could feel the Lord's hand on my back, pushing me," he confides.

Next came the Little Jetts and a number of books: "Say Fellows," "On the Mark," "Come and See," "Get Set." His most popular work, "Testament for Fishers of Men," appeared in 1925 and has sold more than a quarter-million copies.

It was while he was editor of the *Missionary Survey* that he was called to Greensboro, N. C., to serve as pastor of the Church-by-the-Side-of-the-Road. Still a layman, it became necessary for him to go before the Presbytery to secure a license to preach. Under the custom of "extraordinary process," he entered the ministry. He also, at long last, entered into his life work. He knew this in his heart while he had to admit to himself that he had taken a round-about way to get there. During his four-year pastorate in Greensboro, the congregation increased from 35 to 335.

NOW the scene changes to a glorious vacation ground tucked away high up in the Great Smokies. TVA originally built Fontana Village for its employees while two-mile-distant Fontana Dam was under construction. The three-year job finished, the workers folded up their belongings and quietly slipped away—leaving behind them TVA's largest dam and a ghost village. But the latter didn't remain spectral for very long. Government Services, Inc., a private corporation, rehabilitated the village and beat the drums for tourists, who now swarm in, a million a year.

They get every sport, clean, brac-

ing mountain air and incomparably beautiful scenery. They especially get fishing; it's become a shangri-la for anglers. Any fisherman worth his salt can pull up a string of large-mouth bass and bream out of Fontana Lake in a few hours' fishing and dry-fly addicts can load their creels with shimmering rainbow trout which jostle each other in the streams emptying into the lake.

This was the magnet which drew the multifarious Mr. Smith to Fontana Village. Along with all his other skills and talents, he is a fisherman from way back. When he heard of those strings of bass and fat trout overcrowding the streams, he grabbed for his fishing gear.

He came for a two-weeks' visit—found the fishing even better than advertised, was awed by the magnificent vistas, fell in love with the village and its people. His visit ended but not his stay.

Of course the fact that he also found a devoted group of Christians who had organized themselves into what they called the Fontana Community Church, which group asked him to be their pastor, had more than a little bearing on his inability to leave. For when he thought of the million visitors, he realized that here he had a unique opportunity to reach great numbers with the Word of God.

It is the only church within a thirty-two mile radius. Every Sunday he preaches to a heterogeneous congregation composed of vacationers from Cape Cod to Catalina Island, from Canada, Mexico, Europe, in every walk and station of life.

However, from the very first, one big lack began to gnaw at him—his church has no building! He preaches in an auditorium which otherwise is used as a playhouse, movie theater and even for square dancing. He doesn't relish the possibility of anyone, hearing him preach on a Sunday morning, being reminded of the square-dance caller of the night before. He must have a house of God.

Thus in the late afternoon of his life, the Rev. Mr. Wade has brought all his business acumen, his spiritual power, his dynamic personality to bear on the task of building a church for his people.

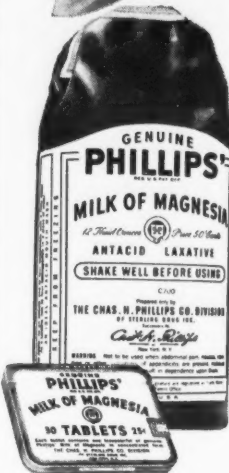
Already the site has been chosen, the foundation laid, the basement floor started and the first lap of the long financial journey begun.

Mr. Smith has not the slightest qualms about the matter; he is supremely confident that the goal will be reached—and soon. "The Lord has given me a definite ministry here," our pastor-fisherman declares, "and I will not end life's day with an empty creel."

THE END



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Picture
of the Month

"Excuse My Dust"

IN AN age of fast transportation and supersonic speed, it is difficult for most of us to realize that a little more than fifty years ago an automobile was not a common vehicle. We find in the story enacted in "Excuse My Dust" (MGM) a good reconstitution of that time and some of the possible situations attending the introduction of the "gas buggy."

At the close of the last century, a small-town young man (Red Skelton) with a mechanical bent was always attempting to invent new types of machines. Only his mother and his girl friend (Sally Forrest) believed in him—and the latter had some doubts. After many misfortunes he succeeds in building a "gas-mobile" which runs at the terrific speed of fifteen miles an hour, wins in a race against the greatest odds. With the prize money the winner plans to marry the girl and fulfill his dreams for a future in which horseless carriages will run swiftly and he will invent better and faster cars.

This gay comedy with music is most entertaining, possessing a lively plot and



A hapless Red Skelton is being badgered by his fellow townspeople as he has trouble starting the new-fangled horseless carriage he built.

many humorous situations. There are excursions into "what might happen" (and we know that it has happened) when past and present meet in imaginative sequences. Several pleasing songs are introduced, and a picnic, a hayride, a bathing party, and the fireman's ball are part of the community's pleasures which all enjoy together.

The usual brand of Red Skelton slap-

stick is restrained to homely fun. The auto race is the grand climax, with some extraordinary vehicles (compared to our 1951 streamlined and silent models) in the running, and with a mild effort at betting by some of the town's citizens.

"Excuse My Dust" does not pretend to do anything but entertain—and it succeeds. It will provide hearty laughs for the whole family. **F**

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:
A—Adults; Y—Young people,
F—Family.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

Films starred thus (★) are of exceptional merit.

★ **THE BROWNING VERSION** (J. Arthur Rank; Universal-International). A character study of a complete introvert, an inhibited personality, sympathetically played by Michael Redgrave. The story is of a brilliant schoolmaster whose life is deadened by marriage to a beautiful and ambitious woman with no interest in her husband's work nor desire for his companionship. There is a fine balance of interest: pathos, emotion, the enthusiasm of youth, the scorn of defeat and the anger of frustration leading to audience gratification when the long humiliated man asserts himself. The wife's infidelity is never condoned nor excused. **A, Y**

★ **NIGHT INTO MORNING** (MGM). Overwhelmed by grief when his wife and son are killed accidentally, a college professor goes tragically to pieces. Sur-

rounded by sympathetic friends but without adequate spiritual resources, he tries to deaden his emotions by drinking, and eventually plans suicide. This social drama of a man's degeneration and ultimate regeneration faces reality with sympathy and keen understanding. It is emotionally stirring but does not stoop to sentimentality. It does not excuse any human weakness but upholds a high standard of integrity. It might be called a lay sermon on a vital issue, given without undue preachment. Ray Milland interprets the professor's role with dramatic intensity and convincing sincerity. Drinking is part of the plot and its bad effects are demonstrated, but regrettably it is also shown as an accepted custom. **A, Y**

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN (Warners). Entirely absorbing, this well-acted melodrama in true Hitchcock style creates mounting suspense without undue horror.

Film Reviews and Ratings by the

PROTESTANT MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL

Great attention is given to details and minor characterizations and to plausibility in an atmosphere of danger. The settings, photography and music are cleverly planned and skillfully executed. **A**

THE MEDIUM (Walter Lowendahl Productions). Gian Carlo Menotti's musical drama reaches full stature in its film version, directed by its author-composer. The story remains that of an evil woman who arranges fake-psychical seances to profit from the grief of those who mourn their dead and cannot let them go. This is a dark etching-in-music of suffering, love and death. It is greatly aided by the somber Italian slum settings. An artistic experiment and a sinister experience, achieved with great skill. **A**

THE LONG DARK HALL (United Artists). An outwardly respectable man, in his desire to cover the tracks of a moral lapse, is caught in the meshes of circumstantial evidence. This is the story of his endeavors to extricate himself, of the forces of justice and legal procedure and of a desperate plight which ends in a surprising if somewhat contrived climax. Suspenseful melodrama, in which many moral and spiritual implications are self-evident even if the story deals with a

CHRISTIAN HERALD

sinful situation which is never condoned, least of all by the man himself. **A**

ACE IN THE HOLE (Paramount). The dramatic down-grade of a reporter, formerly outstanding in his profession, who wants to capture attention and return to big headlines. His bitter frustration motivates inexcusable conduct, which ends in disaster. "Be sure your sins will find you out" is the only conclusion to draw from this tense and unpleasant though well-acted tale. **A**

THE GUY WHO CAME BACK (20th Century-Fox). While Paul Douglas seems to be at home in this role of a former football hero who does not grow up, the story of his moral and social downfall is developed slowly, even though acting is generally good. A very contrived and not too convincing ending restores him to self-respect and reunites him to his family. Ethical and social considerations are not well defined. There is altogether too much drinking, and the name of the Deity is taken in vain. **A**

AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL (20th Century-Fox). Much of the amusement gathered from this farce, built around a man of retirement age who contrives not to retire, is due to Monty Woolley's change of personality from that of his usual caustic-tongued roles to that of a genial and understanding person. Not an important story but a clever one. **A, Y**

WHEN I GROW UP (United Artists). This story emphasizes the need of understanding between a boy and his parents. The curious bond existing between the very young and the very old is well brought out. While some of the flashbacks may be confusing and the story has a tendency to lag, it is nevertheless interesting because of what it wants to say. **F**

HER FIRST ROMANCE (Columbia). This preposterous story brings Margaret O'Brien back to the screen in a nearly grown-up role which will do nothing to enhance her prestige. She embodies all the disagreeable traits of an objectionable adolescent. Many of the episodes are not consistent with a well-managed summer camp, and adult remonstrances on stealing add a mildly righteous but not very convincing touch. **A, Y**

I WAS A COMMUNIST FOR THE F.B.I. (Warners). The story of a Pittsburgh steel worker who was chosen by the F.B.I. to uncover the extent of Communist infiltration in local industrial plants. A strong indictment of subversive activities. Brutal violence is manifested and all the characteristics of subversives are fully exposed. Whether this production will serve the cause of democracy constructively or will stir up more hysteria is a question. **A**

ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE. (Warners). This story of a U.S. marshal's attempts to save an innocent man contains many tedious moments relieved only by melodramatic situations. The "romantic interest" is neither romantic nor interesting. Acting, however, is adequate. **A**



"A family that prays together stays together"—Pat O'Brien.

The Faith of the Stars

By WILLIAM LINDSAY YOUNG

PAT O'BRIEN is a devout Christian of Irish extraction and Catholic heritage. One is not in his warmly human company long before he senses the earnestness with which he takes his faith. Behind his ever-present wit and

infectious smile is a man who sees life in all its grim realism. Thousands of soldiers of all faiths in the last war will testify to the cheer and hope he brought to them when life was hard, lonely and dangerous. He declares:

"RELIGION to me deals with more than the human tendency to do wrong. Religion brings solace when the light of life grows dim, and comfort when the business of living seems too much for us. I traveled 68,000 miles among soldiers and sailors during the war. I do not know how much they were confronted with temptation, but I do know that they were often homesick and lonely. Their faith was a constant source of strength to them.

"In time of peace, also, religion is necessary if society is to be stabilized and democracy is to withstand the onslaught of atheistic Communism. And religious faith must be kept alive to keep our homes intact. I like the statement, 'A family that prays together stays together.' I have seen it work in our own home with our four children. It is hard for me to imagine what kind of family we would have if we did not practice the religious faith on which my wife and I have been reared. How can our beloved country become what we all want it to be if its spiritual foundations are neglected?"

FRANCIS GOES TO THE RACES (Universal-International). The further adventures of "Francis," the talking mule, and Peter, a war veteran, add up to a farce-comedy which can be taken as satire on horse-racing and gambling, and a slight "whack" at psychiatry. It is very funny in spots and has some clever features. **F**

NEW MEXICO (United Artists). The peace and friendship with Indian tribes which President Lincoln had achieved is forfeited by the treachery of government agents and the inhuman treatment inflicted on the Indians by a military post commander. Some of the barbarous methods of warfare and gruesome scenes are

too strenuous for children. The main value of the story is its historical implication. Beautiful scenery. **F**

WARPATH (Paramount). An exciting story built around Custer's last stand. Good characterizations, interesting plot and colorful settings make this a better-than-usual western. Much too violent for small children. **A, Y**

IN OLD AMARILLO (Republic). Roy Rogers, battling a drought in the range country, tries a rain-making experiment, opposed by villains who try to spoil the scheme. There is a great deal of violence but the cloud-seeding experiment is interesting. **A, Y**

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HIS COURT IS A CLASSROOM

(Continued from page 19)

a cell with the dirtiest old man you
ever saw. You ask that old man how
many times he's been picked up
drunk. Ask him why he can't get a
job, anywhere. Ask him why his fam-
ily left him. And then just look at
him—for a long, long time. Look how
his hands shake, how skinny he is and
how terribly sad. And then say to
yourself, "That's me, if I keep up this
carrying on."

As they led the youngster away
his face broke into a tentative grin,
as if he thought he'd gotten off easy.
Later that morning, when he left his
cell, the grin was gone, replaced by
the shaken look of a man who had
seen his future and didn't like it.

It was the Judge who smiled now
as he nudged me. "That old man in
the cell is just about the worst pun-
ishment I've got. With these young
bucks I could lecture them all day
and they'd think I was nothing but
a mealy-mouthed preacher. But that
shaking old man makes them think."

FOR CITIZENS who carry pistols
or switchblade knives, Judge Thomas
has another—and sterner—lesson. In
his first few months on the bench he
meted out exemplary sentences for
carrying such weapons, 30 days in
jail plus a fine. In those days, when
a brawl would break out in a North-
east Second Avenue bar, the police
could frisk the crowd certain of a
haul of a dozen or more spring-action,
six-inch knives. But today, thanks to
the new court, Miami policemen have
a hard time collecting cutlery.

"That's one spot where I have a
real advantage over the white courts,"
Judge Thomas explains. "If a white
Judge gave one of my people 30
days on a concealed-weapon charge,
they'd think they were being perse-
cuted because of their color. But
when I do it they know they're being
punished."

"Every time I get a knife or pistol
case I make a little speech about it
before I hand down my sentence. I
figure I'm talking to everybody in
court—not just to the prisoner—when
I tell them that no one can get killed
by a pistol or a spring-button knife,
if no one carries them. And the com-
munity is now backing me up on that.
In the old days they'd argue they
had to carry a spring-blade because
everybody else had one. Now, if a
man knows that what fighting he does
he'll have to do with his fists, he
wants to be sure no one else can
spring a knife on him."

Of all the lessons taught by the
classroom-court, the most important
is that it exists to serve the commu-
nity, not to repress or terrorize it, and

that the law protects Negroes as well
as whites.

When accused of crimes against
whites, Negroes are convinced—all
too often, rightly—that they'll draw
the heaviest sentence, designed not
merely to punish the individual but
to intimidate the entire racial group.
This conviction is supported and
fortified, in the Negro's mind, by the
custom of many white judges who
weigh violence perpetrated by one
Negro against another on a different
scale: they are prone to brush such
all-Negro cases off lightly, with pa-
ternalistic tolerance.

As a result, most Negroes have
always been uncooperative with law-
enforcement agencies. As Judge
Thomas puts it, "There can be twenty
Negroes present when a man gets
shot in broad daylight, but the
State's attorney is unable to find a
single witness who saw it." Negroes,
for example, rarely appear as volun-
tary complainants, in most parts of
the South, even when the offender is
another Negro. But in Judge Thomas'
court such complaints are beginning
to be entered more and more fre-
quently. Fewer crimes occur today
in Miami's Negro community. But
more of them come to light as the
victims discover that they can testify
against the violent and the criminal
without seeming to betray their race.

At first many members of the
Miami bar stood aghast at Judge
Thomas' informal procedures, fear-
ing that Negroes would not respect
a court unadorned by rigmarole and
formal trappings. What they over-
looked was the deep pride his people
felt in the advancement the court
symbolized for their entire race.

JUDGE THOMAS has been a long
time building such prestige. His ap-
pointment, in fact, came more than
thirty years after he decided to be-
come a judge. That decision occurred
in the summer of 1920 on a train
headed for Ann Arbor, Mich.

As a youngster in Ocala, Fla.,
Lawson Thomas had been deeply
influenced by his high-school princi-
pal. "When Mr. McCall's boy went
to the University of Michigan, I had
to follow. He took medicine, so that's
what I applied for. When they ap-
proved my credits and admitted me
to the Medical School, I grabbed the
first train to Michigan and for hours
I practiced writing 'Dr. Lawson E.
Thomas,' over and over.

"Then I started thinking, hard.
There were already Negro doctors;
not enough but many. I wanted to
plow a new furrow, where none of

my people had gone before. I know it sounds childish now, after all these years, but I found myself writing 'Judge L. E. Thomas.' When that train stopped I went right to the registrar and switched from medicine to law."

Graduating in 1923, young Thomas twice took the Florida bar examinations and twice failed. Then he tried in Michigan and sailed through a difficult exam with ease. Only ten years later, after his third and successful Florida effort, did he discover the reason for his earlier rejections. An examining judge he had come to know told him the story one of his colleagues had recounted, years before, of a "sassy" Negro who, at his bar examinations, forgot to say "sir" when answering a white man.

"I realized then," Judge Thomas recalls, "that I couldn't carry Northern habits back South with me and get along. You can't change the South by wishing it changed. You've got to take it as you find it and try to push it forward from there. That's just as true for whites as it is for Negroes."

IN THE last seventeen years Judge Thomas has been pushing, gently but steadily. He was the first to break the custom among Florida's few Negro lawyers of letting white colleagues do their pleading in court. He fought the salary equalization case of Florida's Negro teachers right through to a favorable decision in the United States Supreme Court. A few years later, as defense counsel in a murder case, he himself raised the constitutional question of exclusion of Negroes from jury service, rather than bring in a white associate to present the ticklish argument. The trial judge sustained his contentions and, for the first time in the South, quashed the indictment and discharged the grand jury. More recently he was highly praised by the Florida Supreme Court when he argued before it the right of Negroes to purchase land in white areas.

Legally the new court is just another part of Miami's judicial system. In practice and by design it has been confined to disposing of arrests and complaints made in the city's three all-Negro areas. This limitation provoked sharp criticism from some Negro leaders who regarded the court as an extension of the segregation system and accused Judge Thomas of participating in the furtherance of Jim Crow.

The Judge's reply is simple. "If the only objection to this court is that it does not try white people, then the objection is not to what we do but that we don't do enough. Of course

this court is not the final answer to our problem. But we Negroes must use the tools that are at hand. This tool at least gives us a measure of self-government within the bounds of segregation. It makes the Negro a little larger citizen, and that's all to the good."

Judge Thomas' court represents the second stage of an experiment initiated in Miami in 1944, when that city—for the first time in the history of the South—appointed Negroes to its police force. There was much shaking of heads then. But the City Commissioners knew that they had to do something to stem the growing waves of crime and violence bred in the shack-crammed blocks into which Miami's ever-increasing Negro population was crowded.

Up to then law enforcement in the area was restricted to two squad cars, which seldom strayed beyond the few main streets. Even the addition of only five Negro policemen, patrolling their beats on foot, had an instantaneous salutary effect, backed as it was by the wholehearted support of the non-criminal majority. So Miami added more Negroes to its force; they now number nearly forty. Two years ago the town built a new precinct station in the Negro area, modern in every respect from sergeant's desk to jail cells.

Other Southern communities watched the Florida experiment, first with foreboding and then with increasing interest. One by one they began to imitate Miami. Often their intent was simply to scotch violence before it got started. But the effect inevitably has been far broader. The law, when represented by a Negro in uniform, ceased to be the white man's law. Negro communities backed their own police where before they had united, in sullen non-cooperation, against white patrolmen.

TODAY, 77 Southern cities employ nearly 500 Negroes on their police forces, and the list is constantly growing. Many of these cities have sent observers into Judge Thomas' court to study its operations first hand. Several towns in the South are seriously planning to open Negro courts.

Judge Thomas welcomes all this, both as a Negro, deeply devoted to the progress of his people, and as an individual. He has no illusions that the credit rests solely on his shoulders. "The old traditions of racial suppression are falling away," he explains, "partly of their own accord but mostly through the efforts of intelligent and enlightened whites. Negroes can hasten the process by pushing for change; but the change itself is inevitable." **THE END**



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Cashier: "Yes, that's what aroused my curiosity."

Proof

"Are you sure that you watered the plants in the drawing room, Josephine?"

"Yes, ma'am. If you listen closely you can hear the water dripping on the carpet."

Could Be!

G-Man: "Got away, did he? Did you guard all the exits?"

Policeman: "Yes, but we think he must have left by one of the entrances."

Survival of the Fittest

A telephone pole never hits an automobile except in self-defense.

Big Job

Kind Lady: "Can't you cheer your little brother up and stop his crying?"

Small Boy: "Well, did you ever try to cheer anybody who'd just eaten five green apples, two hot dogs, and seven ice-cream cones?"

Agreeable

Salesman: "Boy, I want to see someone around here with a little authority."

Office Boy: "Well, I have about as little as anyone. What is it you want?"

Experience

Some people learn from their experiences; others never recover from them.



"Followed me home, I can keep him, can't I?"

BACK TALK



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Billy Graham Writes

TO THE EDITORS:

I want to express my appreciation for the splendid article and pictures ("The Billy Grams at Home," May '51). I have heard many favorable comments. Thanks a million.

Minneapolis, Minn. BILLY GRAHAM

Divine Healing

TO THE EDITORS:

The sermon "The Divine Method of Healing" by the Rev. Mr. Britan (April '51) was the best help I ever found in answering why the just have to suffer for the unjust. I use it as a prayer-meeting lesson. When I read the letter from Mr. MacLeod ("Theological Poppycock"?), Back Talk, June '51) I was sure the writer did not consult the Bible references Mr. Britan used. True, Christ is our health and the way to Heaven, but He went by the way of the Cross and we must follow if we are His.

Newport, N. C. MRS. R. M. SANFORD

... Chaplain Britan speaks for a whole body of earnest people, and for generations of orthodox doctrine, yet unwittingly reveals that he misapprehends the nature of God, the nature of man, the role of Christ, the essence of miracles. God is love, gentleness, providence, peace and healing unto His children. ... Healing does not come from blind faith; it must be understanding faith, and if the very clergy lack understanding, how much more must the sufferer lack it? I beseech you, do not accept a limited God, a partial Christ, a capricious miracle. Know the Truth—the Truth shall make you free from sickness and suffering as well as sin.

Columbia, S. C. LEE R. GANDEE

... I have read with interest Mr. MacLeod's criticism of my article. He evidently believes there is no reason or purpose in the mind of God for the permission of pain and suffering. ... I would suggest that the privations and sufferings of the Prodigal Son had a positive influence on the mind and soul of the wayward youth. David also confessed, "Before I was afflicted I went astray. It was good for me that I was afflicted that I might learn Thy statutes." ... Facing His Cross, it was "for the joy set before Him" that Jesus "endured the pain and despised the shame." His spirit was enriched by the certainty that His sufferings would issue in the salvation of an innumerable multitude. If "all suffering is negative," as our critic asserts, if "only health makes for nobleness, majesty, magnanimity, munificence and the joy of living," then we must conclude that God is indifferent to the sorrows of earth and the hymn is false.

which teaches us to sing and believe that "There is no place where earth's sorrows are more felt than up in heaven."

Philadelphia, Pa.

(REV.) JOSEPH T. BRITAN

Mixed Marriage—Happy

TO THE EDITORS:

Our marriage is one of those about which the article "Why Mixed Marriages Don't Make Sense" (Feb. 51) deals. Ours is one successful mixed marriage. My husband and I would exchange for no other this side of heaven. My husband and I were married by a Baptist minister, though I am a Methodist; two years later we were married over again by a priest so that my husband could get back in the church. He is a World War I vet and was never narrow-minded. He goes to church with me at times, more than I do with him, and we never question what the other gives to his church financially. Our seven nieces and nephews live with us and attend the Baptist church; he gives them money to take to Sunday school, and ever so willingly. Perhaps he isn't a "full-blooded" Catholic; some of his church's beliefs he deems obsolete. But neither of us tries to convert the other. We have no children of our own, but if we did they would worship in the Methodist Church. ... Just because nine-tenths of Catholics are of the stripe you described, don't brand the rest that way. ... We both enjoy your wonderful magazine!

Curdsville, Ky. (MRS.) MARY KRAUS

● Congratulations to the happily married Krauses! Now if we could receive assurance that their rapport so beautifully and sensibly worked out has the hearty approval of Mr. Kraus' church, we would be inclined to lower the flag of warning we feel we must hoist whenever we hear of an impending wedding between any Protestant and Catholic couple who take the tenets of their faiths seriously.

"Don't Dignify Drunks"

TO THE EDITORS:

May I offer a mild criticism? In a recent issue, Dr. Poling referred to an "intoxicated" passenger on a trans-Atlantic plane; a local paper (March 24) mentioned that in Pittsburgh, "Safety Director George E. A. Fairley ordered today that persons arrested for drunkenness shall not be docketed as drunks."

They will be listed "intoxicated," Fairley said, adding: "I just think we can use better English in the police department—be more dignified, you know."

I just love the thought of dignifying drunkenness, although I can accept this effort coming from the police department,

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but hardly from CHRISTIAN HERALD. If we are going to shift from "drunk" to describe drunkenness, let us move in the direction of less, not more, inaccuracy. "Pie-eyed," "plastered," "potted," "slopped up," etc., are words which fit the condition better and which apologize, sanction, dignify, glorify it less.

Philadelphia, Pa. ROBERT L. JONES

"Too Sarcastic"

TO THE EDITORS:

Writing about the Evangelical Church of Frankfurt, Germany, Mr. Courier (News, April '51) was shocked at the officials having a course on dancing and social behavior. I do not like his remark: "Are you troubled in soul? Then see your preacher—and Arthur Murray." Too sarcastic!

Verona, N. J. MRS. MARY SCHMIDT

● Mr. Courier's funny that way. He simply refuses to see that courses in dancing will do much to assist the German church to fulfil its most important job, namely, preaching the Gospel. We're sort of funny too—we agree with the "sarcastic" Gabriel.

United Church Women

TO THE EDITORS:

A big thank-you for the swell job you did on May Fellowship Day (Woman's Place, May '51). Our United Church Women are filled with appreciation for the increased amount of interpretation of our united task which you have been doing through your columns in this magazine.

New York, N. Y. MRS. EMORY ROSS

Faith Baldwin Helps

TO THE EDITORS:

After reading Faith Baldwin's "The April Promise" and "Turn in the Road" I am constrained to write, as I find myself in the same situation, having to sell my home in which I have lived for 29 years, the best years of my life. But now I am alone and the house is much too large for me and I must find a smaller one. And at such a time as this—well, leave it to Faith Baldwin to tell it. I have experienced every emotion as she writes it, and the reading of it has given me more faith and courage.

Coldwater, Mich. E. E. H.

Profitable Plans

TO THE EDITORS:

Some years ago CHRISTIAN HERALD carried some suggestions for birthday celebrations for churches, so two years ago the Woman's Society of Christian Service of Calvary Methodist Church, which is one of the smaller churches of this city, decided to try the plan. We realized about \$1700 from the event. The members of the board of stewards were so pleased that they asked us to repeat it last year, at which time we realized \$2100.

During the past year we completed an educational building which has been badly needed since the organization of the church. We were much better prepared to take care of the number of persons who attended the party, and were pleased to receive at least \$4475. One feature that lent interest to the occasion was the show-

ing of moving pictures of all the pastors and their families who have served the church during the twenty-seven years of its existence. These included not only our own church and parsonage but also the present churches and parsonages occupied by these ministers together with their families as of now.

I greatly enjoy and appreciate the many interesting and helpful articles as well as the news items in the HERALD.

Greensboro, N. C.

MISS VELNA McCULLOCH

● Congratulations to Greensboro's Calvary Methodist and their lively ladies' group! This month our "Woman's Place in the Church" department gives you more ideas for anniversaries and how to run them.

Sunday-Only Religion

TO THE EDITORS:

I read with interest the statement of faith by Lon McCallister ("Faith of the Stars," May '51) and especially the last paragraph. I believe any Christian who believes that Christlike living is a one-day affair needs to have Christianity explained to him. Seven days is about right for a Christian's work, don't you think?

Glen Falls, N. Y. GARLAND D. REEVES

● Amen, Reader Reeves! We thought McCallister laid it right on the line when he said wistfully: "I dislike to offer any adverse criticism of the church, because it means so much to me. I do wish, however, that it was not so much just a Sunday affair. As I have traveled around the country I have often wanted to go to some church for meditation, only to find it locked up. I need its ministry between Sundays." For those who carp continually about the 100% devilishness of Hollywood and all who therein work, the picture of a movie star wandering about town trying to get into locked churches should have a haunting effect!

"Hymn of Peace"

TO THE EDITORS:

The following "Hymn of Peace," to be sung to the tune "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," has been used in several Connecticut newspapers and in the magazine, *The Connecticut Circle*. It seems to me to be very appropriate for the critical times through which the world is passing.

We ask Thee, God, a world of peace,
True brotherhood of man;
May all the warring factions cease,
From hate and strife give us release,
And make us one great clan.

We'll strive to banish selfish greed
And every form of hate;
To understand each other's need
And live the fullest life in deed
Our lives we dedicate.

We ask Thee, God, that peaceful calm
That comes from Heaven above;
Take from us all the strain of fear
And make us feel Thy spirit near—
Thy peaceful, heavenly love.

Norwich, Connecticut

GEORGE GEER

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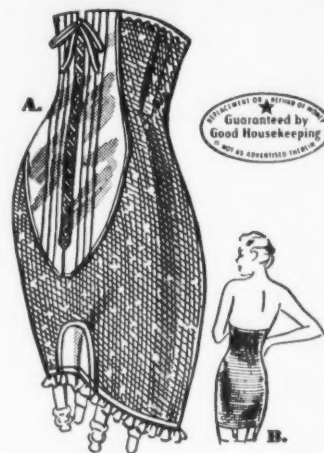
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high academic standards,
a Christian philosophy of life, and genuine culture

A Personal Word from the PRESIDENT...

Bob Jones University believes that the right sort of education prepares a student not primarily to make a living but to make a life. This institution is in the business of training Christian leaders. Even before the second World War when many university and college graduates were out of work, all graduates of Bob Jones University had good positions and were leaders in their chosen fields.

Bob Jones University has the reputation of being strict; but our student body, we believe, is the most contented group of students on the American continent.

We have a reputation of being "hard boiled" academically. We expect our students to do good work, but we believe that because of the intensely Christian atmosphere of our institution and because of our emphasis on individual attention to each student, we are in a better position to do the work in the fields that we cover than any other institution.

The motto of Bob Jones University as displayed upon its corporate seal is "Petimus, Credimus" -- "We Seek, We Trust." We trust the Bible as the inspired Word of God, the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Hope of the world, and His Gospel as the only message that meets the need of men.

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